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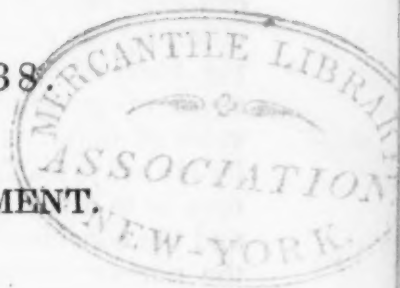
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**THE SCIENCE OF GOVERNMENT.**

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THE most distinguishing feature in the mental action of the present age, is the universal fondness for political discussion. The interest which the subject excites is intense and absorbing; it pervades all classes of society; it impels to action either for good or for evil both individuals and masses of men, and stimulates with almost equal ardor persons of the most different tastes and pursuits, coloring the thoughts and feelings, and influencing the conduct, alike of the ambitious statesman, the retired scholar, the active man of business and the laborious mechanic. Wherever we turn, we are met by this universal topic. In the street, in the drawing-room, at the mart "where merchants most do congregate," and at the convivial board; in all the resorts of business or of pleasure, in all places and at all times, public affairs and measures of government form the constant and untiring themes of earnest discourse.

If we look to the press, that mighty organ which gives a voice to the teeming thought of this active and intellectual age, this exciting subject will be found to influence not merely the ordinary vehicles of political discussion, but literature in all its branches. Reviews and magazines are filled with it; pamphlets and elementary treatises devoted to it are poured forth in inexhaustible profusion; history is re-written to support a side or illustrate an argument; and even the poet and the novelist, carried away by the universal enthusiasm, forsaking the old fields



of adventure and romance, seek now not merely to touch the heart, but to convince the understanding ; address no longer the "moonish youth" and the fanciful maiden, but speak to the deep thinkers and energetic actors of the world the language at once of poetry and of philosophy, and mingle with the exciting tale of passion the reasonings and the lessons of political wisdom. This interest in public affairs, this eager investigation and discussion of political subjects, if it be the distinguishing trait of the present age, is also a proof of the high advancement of the people, in those countries where it prevails, in all that constitutes the real greatness of a nation.

It is the result of freedom, intelligence, and prosperity ; and can exist only in a state where the great mass of the people, either by the direct exercise of legal right, or by the overwhelming force of enlightened opinion, influence or control the measures of government. Under an absolute government, the voice of inquiry is silenced by the jealousy of power. Authority is always fearful of investigation ; when it is confined to one man or to a few men, he or they who possess it form the State, and the consideration of State affairs is exclusively restricted to the narrow circle of those by whom they are managed. As this circle is widened, by so much is the sphere of thought and reasoning on political subjects enlarged ; but only when it is made to enclose the whole people—in other words, when the Government is free—will the minds of the whole people be employed with eagerness and zeal upon topics of public interest. Freedom is the result of intelligence and prosperity. A people degraded by poverty and ignorance must ever be slaves or savages ; and the history of the world shows that the mass have always risen, where they have risen at all, by industry to wealth, by wealth to knowledge, and by knowledge to power. It would seem an obvious truth, that power, the exercise of which produces extensive good or extensive evil, should be accompanied by proportionate intelligence ; that those who have the privilege of acting upon the destinies of others should also possess the spirit to act wisely ; and that the existence of this privilege, unaccompanied by the requisite knowledge, must ever be regarded not as a blessing but as a curse. The possession of this privilege in its greatest extent is the boast of the American people. They govern themselves by their representatives. They are at once the depositaries and the subjects of the supreme power of the State. The institutions under which they live, they themselves have created and sustain. The course of the government, whether it lead to happiness or to misery, to glory or to shame, is directed by them ; and of them it may be said, more truly than of any other nation in present or in past

time, that their destinies are in their own hands. These are important truths; and though we may regard them with just pride and satisfaction, though we may look forward to the future with well-founded hope and confidence, yet when we reflect upon the vastness of the trust confided to us—no less than the prosperity of a great nation, the happiness of unborn millions—the mind feels awed and alarmed at the responsibility which is thus created. Commensurate with this extensive power should be knowledge of the subject to which it relates. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of sound political information to the people of this country. Upon its wide diffusion depends not merely the regular and harmonious action, but the very existence of our institutions. Each citizen forms a part, and an active and influential part of the great political machine. The successful operation of that machine must be the result of the knowledge which each possesses of its nature and construction, of its objects and means, of his own relative position in the system, and of the duties which that position imposes. If this knowledge be accurate and pervading, order, regularity, and success must be its happy results; whereas the consequences of ignorance can only be confusion, disasters, and ultimate failure. It should therefore be an object with every one to become acquainted with the nature of the government under which he lives, to which he owes obedience, and whose measures he has the right, so far as his vote and influence go, to control.

But there is a knowledge higher than this and more important; of more general application, of far greater utility. A knowledge, not of the form and mechanism of this or that political system, but of the abstract general principles which lie at the foundation of all government; of the laws which regulate the growth, organization and action of all human society. It has been said of Lord Bacon, the great author of the inductive system of philosophy, that he taught not any particular art, but the art of making arts; not any particular science, but the principles upon which all science is constructed and completed; and a similar remark may be applied to a knowledge of the general principles of government and society of which I have spoken. It enables us to judge of all forms and arrangements of civil polity, and to appreciate their good or evil tendencies; to modify or construct a political system, and to adopt measures of legislation calculated to promote the great end of all human association. These general laws or principles are deduced from the facts of history and from our experience of the motives of human conduct; by the labors of a few men of the present age, they have been reduced to some order and method, and are



known by the name of general politics, or the SCIENCE of GOVERNMENT.

If an acquaintance with the structure of our own political system be a necessary part of the education of an American citizen, a knowledge of those general principles which enable him definitely to understand the proper object of all systems, to appreciate the tendency and fitness of that which he possesses to attain that object, and to decide from enlarged views upon the wisdom of all measures and all proposed alterations, must be considered of even greater importance. General principles afford the light which enables us to judge of particular cases. Without their guidance we may indeed be acquainted with the various provisions of the constitution, and with the rights which it secures to each member of the state. But unless we know the reasons which show the safety and expediency of constitutional government, the ends for the attainment of which it was formed, and the principles upon which its different arrangements are founded, it is impossible that we can judge wisely of those measures, in reference to which we are constantly obliged, in performance of our duties, as citizens to act.

We live in times of political agitation and political change. The human mind, strengthened and quickened by the diffusion of knowledge and the advancement of civilization, has burst the bonds which for so many ages fettered its energies; and with the eagerness, intensity, and zeal inspired by novelty, freedom, and vast prospects of undefined good, the many now think and feel, and act upon subjects which were once guarded with jealous care as sacred to the wisdom and authority of the few. Old systems are overturned, old prejudices exploded, and time-honored fabrics are tottering to their fall, whilst new schemes and new opinions are every day boldly proposed and eagerly discussed—not in the halls of legislation, in the cabinets of ministers and in the schools of philosophy merely—but in the daily press, in the assemblies of the people, in every workshop and farm-house throughout the land. This universal enthusiasm and universal activity, if they afford a noble field for the dissemination of truth, afford also ample opportunity for the propagation of error. The soil is rich, and will produce weeds as well as grain; and good husbandry will be required to destroy, or prevent the growth of the noxious, and to cherish to full and fruitful luxuriance the valuable plants. The arena is open alike to the selfish demagogue and to the enlightened patriot, to the unprincipled agitator appealing to the worst passions, and to the philosophic statesman addressing the reason of the people. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," and alterations of the utmost importance are often proposed by the



blind presumption of ignorance or by the base cunning of corruption, which are ever liable to be rashly adopted by the people, sometimes from inability to judge of them correctly, sometimes from mere love of change. Nothing human is ever stationary. Constant movement, unceasing change, is the great law of nature, affecting alike the physical and moral world. Generations of men rise and sink away like the leaves of summer, but only in their growth and necessary decay do they resemble the annual glory of the forest. The foliage of one year resembles that of the past, in color, form, and variety; but each generation of the human race differs from that which went before in every thing that relates to the action of the human mind. Each in its transient existence represents and expresses thoughts, feelings, desires, hopes and aspirations, different from those which animated and impelled the millions of "temporary images" which preceded it. Each inherits a fund of knowledge and opinion, of sentiment and thought, which forms the moral wealth of the age; and whether this wealth, the most precious which man possesses, shall be transmitted to posterity diminished, debased, and perverted, or increased by new discoveries, purified from base motives and evil passions, and elevated by liberal views and lofty desires, depends upon the degree of intelligence and the diffusion of it, existing among those who for the time being hold in their hands so important a trust.

The constant and necessary changes, which are ever going forward in the opinions and feelings of men, produce, as an inevitable consequence, corresponding changes in government; for government, either in its administration or its form, always represents and indicates the true moral and intellectual condition of the people. If that be intelligent and elevated, though the government be absolute, its spirit will be free, because it will be controlled by the over-powering force of enlightened public opinion, as we see exemplified in France and Germany at the present time. On the other hand, if the minds and hearts of the people be debased by ignorance or corrupted by vice, they will be the victims either of anarchy or of despotism, whatever may be the theory of their political institutions, and by whatever name they may be called. This was shown during the latter periods of the Grecian and Roman republics, in which, when the spirit of the olden time, which has gained for them so renowned a name in the history of mankind, had departed, though the trappings and the titles of liberty were preserved, its reality was extinct, and a stern and gloomy despotism reared itself in its place, which became darker and more inexorable through successive ages, until arts, knowledge, courage, energy—

all that enobles and all that adorns human nature, withered in its shade.

In our own times that dreadful drama of blood and horror, the French Revolution, the recollection of which even yet oppresses and alarms the minds of men, affords another example to show how impossible it is for the tree of liberty to flourish in any other than the congenial soil of intelligence and virtue. The French people of that day were unfit for freedom; they were debased by ignorance, by corruption, and by servitude; they could not understand either the nature, the objects, or the exercise of popular government; and when they had once broken down the restraints of law, rushed with all the fury of degraded human nature to the commission of crimes, from the bare recital of which the imagination shrinks appalled, and ended by becoming the slaves of a stern and absolute master. In a monarchy or an aristocracy, the changes of public opinion and the progress of intelligence among the mass, produce their effects upon the structure of government slowly and with effort. In the end they are sure to triumph, provided the minds of the people be animated by enthusiasm, elevated by the spirit of freedom, and informed by knowledge. They are at first opposed by those who possess the supreme authority of the State, and who of course will wield it in defence of their privileges and power. But no power can long resist the united voice of an intelligent and virtuous people, ardent in the cause of truth and right. Nature has given it the prerogative "to threaten and command," and kings must obey and always have obeyed its dictates.

If a monarchy or an aristocracy yields slowly and after a long resistance to the impulse of popular will, a republic, being the government of the many, is moulded by it like clay in the hands of the potter. Not only the calm and well-considered determinations, but the transient caprices and the sudden passions of the people may influence most materially the measures and even the principles and structure of government. The power to alter and modify exists in its fullest extent, and with it, too, the fondness for innovation. Whilst the desire to conserve and the love of permanence are the distinguishing traits of an aristocracy, to change is the ambition of a democracy. Its nature is to regard the future, not the past; and to hope from the future something better and happier than the past afforded. Until government be perfect, change must always be suggested and required by the varying circumstances of society. Perfect government can only be the result of perfect intelligence; and as intelligence is not perfect, but progressive, there must always be in all human institutions defects to remedy and deficiencies

to supply. That the American people may be able to hold fast to what is good in the institutions which they possess ; to alter when alteration may be required by changing circumstances, not from the love of novelty but from the well-founded expectation of improvement ; and to act in all matters relating to the public good from the calm deliberation and sound conclusions of reason, and not from the blind impulses of passion ; that they may be able to distinguish between truth and error, between correct principle and plausible theory, in passing judgment upon the thousand schemes and projects which are daily submitted to them, a generally diffused knowledge of the rules and results of the science of government, in addition to an acquaintance with the structure and provisions of their own institutions, is absolutely necessary.

Lord Bacon, the father of modern science, breaking through the fetters of scholastic philosophy, which had so long cramped the powers and wasted the energies of the human mind, first promulgated the important principle that the production of human happiness is the true end and use of all knowledge. He first taught that the increase of pleasure, the alleviation of pain, the multiplication of conveniences, comforts, and enjoyments of life are the appropriate, worthy, and attainable objects of philosophic inquiry. The Platonists and school-men, "those budge doctors of the Stoic fur," had been for ages occupied in futile discussions of questions which admitted of no solution, and which were of no importance to the interests of society if solved ; in seeking for ideal objects which were unattainable ; in disputes which ended where they began, in words ; in controversies, the only object of which was controversy ; and which, after hundreds of years, and hundreds of volumes of ingenious reasoning and subtle disquisition, left mankind no wiser, no better, no happier than they were before. Bacon conceived the great idea of directing the attention of inquiring minds to the investigation of truth, of useful truth ; of truth capable of being practically applied and of practically influencing the physical and moral condition of man. His object, as he himself said, was *fruit*, and the principles of his philosophy were utility and progress ; a utility which should embrace all the wants of man as a social being and as an individual, and a progress indefinite and boundless as nature and time. The results of his philosophy have been the high civilization of the succeeding ages ; the refinement, luxury, convenience and pervading comfort of modern life ; the arts, in their present variety and improvement, and the extensive dominion which man now enjoys over the material world. These are the fruits, but only the first-fruits, of the inductive system of philosophy, which, if not invented by



Bacon, was first analyzed, methodized, and applied by him to the discovery of new and useful truth. The principles of this method of inquiry consist in the deduction of general laws, from the extensive and accurate observation, analysis and classification of facts. It has been for the most part employed in the investigations of physical science; in discovering the properties of matter and the laws which regulate the changes of the external world. But it can be applied as beneficially to the reasonings of moral as of physical philosophy, and must be so applied if we expect to attain important results; it is necessary for the discovery of truth in all branches of human knowledge, whether relating to things external or to things internal, to mind or to matter; and without it, all attempts at improvement must be futile, all reasoning vague, and all conclusions uncertain.

The nature of the human mind and its mode of action, the impulses and passions which make up the human character; their influences upon the individual and upon others, from whence spring the relations and duties of social life—all these are as capable of analysis and scientific arrangement, and are as completely subject to the influence of general laws, as the phenomena of external nature. The deduction of these general laws forms the object of moral science. It includes all that relates to man as an intellectual and a social being; and its great end is, by developing and strengthening his faculties, by elevating, regulating, and purifying his desires, by ascertaining his relations and duties to others, to make him wiser, more virtuous, and therefore more happy. That branch of moral science which treats of the properties and powers of the mind is called **METAPHYSICS**; that which teaches the obligations of domestic and social life, is called **ETHICS**; and that which relates to the objects of social combination, and the laws which regulate the organization and action of men as existing in communities or States, is called **POLITICS**.

The **SCIENCE OF GOVERNMENT**, then, is a portion of that great department of human inquiry which relates to the spiritual nature of man, and the mode of investigation and reasoning to be employed in deducing its results, must be the same as that which has been attended with such complete and brilliant success in physical philosophy. Facts must be observed, analyzed, and arranged; and from the broad and sure foundation which they afford, general rules and theories established. From our own internal consciousness, from the experience of daily life in all its varieties, and from the vast store-house of history, we must derive the materials which enable us to discover the principles of human nature and the motives of human conduct

upon which the operation of all government depends. Observation and experience are the only true sources of knowledge upon this, as upon all other subjects. It has been thought by many that no certainty can ever be attained in the reasonings of moral science, because of the indistinctness and variable nature of the subject to which it relates. Matter can be seen and handled, and subjected to experiment, and is always the same. But the mind is invisible and intangible; the sources of passion and the springs of action dark and mysterious; and the varieties of character so great, it is so much modified by time and circumstance, it differs so much in different individuals and in different places, that it is impossible to establish laws which shall be universally applicable. It is true, that the results of physical inquiry are more certain, and that the laws of matter are more definite and admit of fewer exceptions than those of mind. The characters of men differ widely in many particulars, and are constantly influenced in a different manner by the operation of the same causes. But their points of resemblance are more numerous than those of difference, and from the various phenomena which they exhibit, general rules may be discovered which are applicable in the great majority of cases, and that is sufficient for the purposes of practical utility. It is a general rule, for example, that men will prefer their own interest to that of others when the two conflict, and yet instances are to be found of persons who have sacrificed their own interests for the promotion of the public good. These exceptions, however, do not disprove the rule which is generally true, and the foundation of many important conclusions. "Tis certain," says Hume, "that general principles, however intricate they may seem, must always, if they are just and sound, prevail in the general course of things, though they may fail in particular cases; and it is the chief business of philosophers to regard the general course of things."

The SCIENCE OF GOVERNMENT then must be founded on a knowledge of the general principles which regulate the current of human affairs and the motives of human conduct; which knowledge must be derived from the observation of particular instances, and from the experience of the past. These laws, though not entirely uniform in their operation, though liable to be influenced by varying circumstances, are yet applicable in the great majority of cases, and are generally, though not universally, true. This truth is all that can be expected in a subject so intricate as the passions and characters of men, and affords sufficient foundation for the reasonings and deductions of moral science, and the practical application of its results to the interests and transactions of society. Obstacles there are,

however, to the discovery and dissemination of political truths, far greater than any presented by the intrinsic difficulty of the subject itself. These arise from the peculiar and intense interest which its discussion excites among all classes of society. In the departments of physical science, in other branches of moral philosophy, men are, for the most part, only anxious that the truth should be discovered, because in these, whilst error produces good to none, truth is equally beneficial to all. But political questions excite to violent action the deepest and strongest passions of our nature ; they affect extensively and directly the dearest and most important interests of classes and individuals ; upon their decision often depend the existence and stability of governments, the liberty and happiness of a whole people, the property of the rich, the power of the powerful, and the hopes of the ambitious. With the doctrines of politics are indissolubly linked the passions and interests of different orders of men ; and whilst very many have every inducement that can stimulate exertion to propagate and defend error, very few are sufficiently free from the influence of the universal excitement, truly to desire and soberly to investigate truth. Discussion assumes the character of party warfare, the terms of science become the watchwords of partizan fury ; and amid the din, the tumult, the heat of contending factions, the mild voice of calm and impartial reason has little chance of being heard. But these obstacles, though they have heretofore retarded, and will for a time continue to retard, the improvement of political science, must in the end yield, and are now rapidly yielding, to the influence of advancing civilization and spreading knowledge. As a people become prosperous and intelligent, as commerce and the arts diffuse among them the independence, the comforts and the enjoyments of wealth, they become also deeply impressed with the inestimable advantages of peace, security, order, and good government. Consciousness of the enormous interests at stake induces them to pause, and carefully to examine before they decide questions upon the decision of which depends so much of good or evil. In the three most opulent and most enlightened nations of the present age, it is a cheering and satisfactory thing to observe this triumph of mind over brute force ; of reason over passion ; to witness the calmness, the moderation, the wisdom of political discussions as compared with the violence and outrage of former times, and the freedom, prosperity, and elevated standard of morals and education which have been the result. The contentions of political parties are now carried on in halls of legislation, and not in fields of battle ; with arguments and not with bayonets ; and men have discovered that their most valuable rights and interests can be amply



defended and protected by the jury-box and the ballot-box, without requiring the assistance of the cartridge-box.

In the early stages of society, the minds of men are not directed to the subject of government with any reference to the formation and improvement of a political system upon scientific principles. The people are degraded by ignorance and by drudgery; and the early history of all nations records the oppression of the weak, and the coarse warfare, the tyranny, the cruelty and the ferocity of the powerful and the ambitious. As wealth accumulates, as knowledge increases, the many begin to feel their importance and their power, to understand their rights and to assert them, and to seek some means by which they may be obtained and secured. Changes are thus gradually and slowly introduced, not upon any general and meditated plan, but by successive struggles for specific objects. Governments are not constructed, but grow. They are modified, enlarged and amended to suit the advancing civilization and varying interests of the people; and must always accord with and represent, either in theoretical structure or in spirit and practice, the moral and intellectual condition of the great body of the nation. It is only in an age like our own, of high mental cultivation, of accumulated knowledge and refined literature, when every thing that can interest or improve society, is made the object of study and research, that the principles of government and the means of improving it can become the subjects of methodical and scientific investigation. Politics treated as a science is of recent growth; little has yet been done towards the regular classification of its principles. But the greatest talents and the most extensive learning are now employed in its investigation. The political movements of the day are constantly furnishing new facts and developing new truths. The efforts of the philosopher are seconded by the increasing intelligence of the people. The reasonings of the wise fly on the wings of the press to every corner of our broad territory, and address and inform the minds of men, from the cities of the Atlantic to the shanties of the western forests. From this general intelligence and this constant discussion, guided and elevated by the wisdom of the most learned and most gifted spirits of the age, we may hope that politics will ere long be universally regarded as a subject not of angry and passionate dispute, but of sober and rational inquiry. That its principles will be clearly developed and methodically arranged; that its knowledge will be diffused among the people, and be applied by them, in the exercise of their duties as citizens, for the security of our liberties, for the preservation, in their pristine purity and vigor, of our noble institutions, and for the increasing prosperity and great-

ness through all future time, of our whole country. Such is the nature of the reasonings and mode of investigation employed in political science, and such are its prospects. I proceed next to inquire into the object and province of government.

It is scarcely necessary to say to American readers, that the great object of all government should be the common good of those who live under it, or, in the language of Bentham, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number for the greatest length of time." This truth, however obvious it may appear to us, is by no means universally received and acknowledged, even in the present enlightened age. It is only within the last century that it has been proclaimed, reasoned upon, and applied to existing institutions, and that its important consequences have been deduced. In former times, and still in some nations, the very reverse of this principle has been and is considered the rule of action; and the well-being not of the governed, but of those who govern, made the object of public measures. "I am the State," is the language of kings; "We are the State," is the language of aristocracies; and the welfare of the subject many, when regarded at all, has always been regarded, not as an end, but as a means by which to exalt the wealth, power, pomp, and glory of the superior few. It is only when the intelligence and efforts of the many have obtained for *them* the privilege of saying "We are the State," that the greatest happiness-principle, as it has been called, has any chance of being acknowledged and applied as the object of government. The general object of government being the good of the community over which it presides, the next inquiry is into the means, the mode of action, by which this end may be attained; in other words, into the specific object or province of government.

When we regard the multiplied transactions, relations and pursuits of society, we see at once that by far the greatest number of human actions are of a private nature; that they proceed from motives and produce results which affect only the interests of individuals. The principal sources of happiness are of a kind which require not the interference of any external power. Such are the duties and pleasures of domestic life, the pursuits of business, the intercourse of friendship and of society, the enjoyments of intellectual exertion, of knowledge and of taste, and the thousand gratifications and employments which form the ordinary routine of daily life. To interfere with these for the purpose of increasing, would be to destroy them. They depend upon personal motives, temperaments, tastes and circumstances, which no third party can appreciate; and their value consists in perfect freedom from restraint. The chief blessings of man proceed from individual exertion. To this he is stimulated by

the strongest of all inducements, self-interest ; and in this he is guided by a knowledge of his own powers, means, and circumstances, more minute and exact than any other party can possibly possess. In the aggregate happiness of individuals consists the happiness of a nation ; in the aggregate wealth of individuals consists the wealth of a nation ; in the aggregate intelligence and knowledge of individuals consists the civilization of a nation ; and all these are best promoted by private, unaided exertion. Where, then, exists the necessity for the interference of government ? In what cases is it the province of government to act ? There are objects essential to the existence and happiness of society, to the attainment of which individual exertion is incompetent. Every nation is liable to the attacks of foreign enemies, and it is necessary that the strength of the whole should be combined and directed in defence of its rights and possessions. It is the province of government, therefore, to protect its citizens from external aggression.

In the various transactions of men, contentions constantly arise from the collision of interests and pursuits. The rapacious and the strong are ever ready to seize by violence the property of the weak ; the subtle and the dishonest are ever seeking to defraud ; evil passions are constantly excited, which lead to crime and outrage ; and the purposes of society could not be accomplished, nor could society exist, without the interference of some power for the preservation of peace and order, for the adjustment and protection of rights, and for the settlement of disputes ; such interference is therefore also the province of government. There are certain common benefits to be obtained ; for example, a system of popular education, or of internal improvement, or a sound currency, which require the united means and power of the whole community. Government represents the whole community, and wields its power ; and it is therefore the province of government to use it for purposes which require such co-operation. The attainment of these general objects, essential to the happiness of man but beyond the reach of his unaided efforts, forms the inducement which leads to political combination ; and, to adopt the language of an able writer, "the province of government may be defined to be, to promote the happiness of the community by such measures as cannot be undertaken by individuals or subordinate associations, or cannot be undertaken with equal advantage." To this, then, the operations of government should be strictly confined. It is a mistake to suppose that the supreme authority of the State should be an all-pervading power, regulating the pursuits and watching over the interests of individuals. These may be safely left to the impulse of personal interest, and to the



guidance of personal knowledge. Whatever can be done by private exertion, will be better done, because it will be stimulated by motives which no other party can feel, and directed by a minute acquaintance with circumstances which no other party can possess. The functions of government are rather negative than positive, and relate more to the prevention of evil for which it is all powerful, than to the direct production of good in which it can accomplish little. The great interests of society are self-regulating, and are governed by laws which result from their own inherent nature and tendency. The operation of these laws, when left to their natural action, is regular and easy; and any interference by government with the concerns of individuals must always have injurious effects, either by preventing some good which would otherwise have been attained, or by the direct production of positive inconvenience and distress which would otherwise have been avoided. There is great danger and great evil in governing too much, and the chief means by which government should seek the accomplishment of its general object, the common good, is not by managing the affairs of individuals, but by protecting their rights. All that men require is security; perfect security of person and property, and free scope for exertion. In this consists the essence of freedom; and when it is provided by wise laws and liberal institutions, a boundless field is afforded for the exercise of the energies of the human mind, which, excited by the strongest inducements that can prompt exertion, is speedily developed in all its powers. Industry, unfettered in its action, and protected in its results,

“Pleased and unwearied in its *guarded* toil,”

becomes at once laborious and enterprising; wealth accumulates; the arts are multiplied and improved; science advances; taste and refinement appear; existence becomes elevated, softened and adorned; and man, excited to the exercise of intellect and the practice of virtue, rises to the dignity and happiness which he is fitted by nature to attain and enjoy. Such are the results of human exertion, stimulated by private interest, directed by private knowledge, working for private ends, and protected by equal laws. Individual effort raises the superstructure, but government is the foundation which supports it; and, deprived of that support, the lofty edifice, with all its glittering towers, its rich decorations and halls of splendor, must fall in fragments to the dust.

But if government be weak for the direct production of good, its powers are tremendous for the infliction of evil. The well-known lines of the poet,

“How small of all that human hearts endure,  
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure,”

are only half true. Slight, indeed, is the influence of laws or kings to alleviate the miseries of existence ; but the pages of all history, polluted as they are by crime, stained with the blood and blotted with the tears of suffering millions, proclaim their power to afflict and destroy. The influence of bad government extends to all the sources of human happiness, and when we reflect upon the evil which it has produced, and the enjoyment which it has prevented, upon the withering and degrading effects of tyranny, the desolating wars of ambition, the confusion, bloodshed, cruelty, ferocity and destruction, which in all ages have resulted from abused and ill-directed power, it is not too much to say that the largest portion of the crime and wretchedness which have afflicted mankind, is attributable to this potent cause. Government has unbounded power to prevent and inflict the greatest evils. Not only when directed by selfish ambition, reckless of the rights and interests of others, and seeking only to gratify its rapacity or its love of sway, does it attack and destroy the dearest blessings of man ; but when guided by ignorance of its true nature and functions, and by erroneous views of the real sources of public prosperity, it frequently deranges what it desires to regulate, and diminishes or prevents the enjoyment which intends to produce or increase. Only when confined to its legitimate province, the protection of the rights of individuals from aggression, so that each may be allowed to work out his own happiness in his own way, and the accomplishment of measures for the public good to which unassisted, private exertion is incompetent, is the action of government at once safe and beneficial.

The tendency of public opinion in modern times has been to reduce very much the limits of public authority, and to withdraw from its influence many things which were once considered as properly within its sphere. Men are now permitted to dress, eat, and live as they please ; though these were once considered the subjects of legislative enactment. The prices of provisions, the wages of labor, the rent of land, the employment of capital, and the profits of business, are found to be regulated by laws springing from their own inherent nature, much better than they can be by any external power. Free industry and unrestrained enterprise have been discovered to be the most productive sources of wealth. In like manner religious and political opinions have been released from the thralldom which for so many ages oppressed the human mind. Every one now thinks, speaks, and writes what he pleases. A free press spreads with electric rapidity the thoughts of all men upon all subjects. By the collision of opinion, truth is developed. A writer now no longer seeks by flattery the patronage of the powerful, or con-

ceals his sentiments and moulds his phrases to suit the jealous censorship of authority ; but he speaks to the great mind and heart of the people upon all topics, freely and without reserve, sure of being heard, sure of being appreciated ; and their response is his most glorious reward or his most severe condemnation. Hence has arisen a literature more extensive and more varied than any which the world has yet seen, which embraces in its range every subject that can interest mankind ; which, whether we seek it for instruction, for amusement, or for the sources of sublime thought and elevated feeling, offers to us, with an equal and lavish hand, the truths of science, the lessons of philosophy, and the inspirations of genius ; and which, like the impartial sun of heaven, sheds its benign radiance alike upon the palaces of luxury and upon the cottages of labor.

Such is the object and province of government. It remains, in conclusion, briefly to inquire into the principles upon which government should be founded in order to attain and secure the end for which it is created. The form of government is determined by the mode in which the sovereign power, inherent in every state, is distributed. When it is held by one person it is called a monarchy ; when by several persons, less in number than half the community, it is called an aristocracy ; and when it is shared by the whole nation, it is called a democracy.

Power is a dangerous thing. Difficult to regulate and restrain, ever liable to abuse, and when abused, producing the most extensive and disastrous evil. The love of it is the strongest passion of our nature. To attain superiority over other men ; to make their wills bend to ours ; to control their actions, their destinies, and their lives ; in a word, to GOVERN, is the most dazzling and tempting prize that can be offered to human ambition. The desire to win it has excited to the most energetic action the master-spirits of all ages ; and the eager pursuit of it has led to more crime and misery than all other causes combined, and made history a record of intrigues, machinations, treachery, and war. The possession of power implies the ability to advance every interest, to gratify every desire ; and all experience proves, that in the exercise of it, men will seek their own selfish ends without regard to the happiness of others. No principle of human nature is more clearly ascertained, or of more general application, than this. We may even go farther, and state it as a general rule, that men will absolutely sacrifice the interests of others to their own whenever the two come in competition. The examples of disinterestedness, of self-devotion to the public good, which, for the honor of human nature, may be cited as exceptions to this rule, are too few in number to affect its practical truth as a law of human conduct, and as



a safe foundation for the reasonings of moral science. To be convinced of this, we need only look abroad over the varied transactions of society, observe the events of our daily life, or examine our own hearts. These, and the history of all governments, which is little else than a record of the servitude and spoliation of the many for the advancement of a few; the history of all conquerors and tyrants who have devastated the world, from "Macedonia's madman," to him

" The modern, mightier far,  
Who, born no king, made monarchs draw his car,"

and waded to an empire which he aspired to make universal, through the blood of six millions of men,—proclaim that man is not to be trusted with power over his fellow-creatures. If it be a principle of human nature so generally true, that for all practical purposes it may be regarded as absolutely true, that power will always be used by those who possess it to serve their own interests without regard to the interests of others, then the only way to attain the object of government, which is the good of the whole community over which it presides, is to place in the hands of the whole community the sovereign power of the state. If the supreme authority be entrusted to one man, the splendor of the court, the glory of the monarch, will be the object of every measure of government, and the prosperity of the people will be regarded only as means for the accomplishment of these ends. If it be entrusted to a few men, they will form a privileged and superior class in the state, and will use their power to advance the interests and increase the wealth and dignity of their order; only when the whole community, or a majority of it, have the management of their own affairs will the happiness of the whole be made the exclusive object of public measures. It is obviously impossible that the inhabitants of our extensive and populous country should actually meet and deliberate for the purpose of making laws. The expedient has therefore been adopted, of delegating their power to persons selected for the purpose, who represent the whole. These few would be always liable to sacrifice the common welfare to their private ends; to prevent this, and to identify their interest with the public good, they are made responsible to the people, by making their continuance in office dependant on the will of the people.

Such is the theory of popular government; and it differs from the republics of antiquity in the possession of the system of representation, which is an invention of modern times. The people themselves do not enact laws or execute them. This

from their numbers and the organization of society, it is impossible for them to do. But they appoint for this purpose persons in whose knowledge and integrity they have confidence, and whose devotion to their interest they secure by retaining the privilege of dismissing them from office when dissatisfied with their conduct. They delegate to a few responsible power, but reserve to themselves ultimate sovereignty. It is evident that the success of a government formed upon these principles, depends entirely upon the intelligence of the people. The people always desire their own happiness, but the great danger is that they may be deficient in knowledge of the true means of obtaining it, and thus sanction measures of injurious and destructive tendency ; that they may be unable to appreciate justly the qualifications necessary for men in public stations, and thus become the victims of selfish demagogues, by placing power in the hands of persons who will use it, not for the general welfare, but to advance their own interests. It is therefore absolutely essential to the safe and beneficial operation of popular government, that the power of the people should be accompanied by the intelligence of the people.

It is obvious that popular government is not suited to every country. In the old nations of Europe, democracy would be impracticable ; and none among them but the wildest radicals desire any thing more than an approximation to it, a greater extension of political power among portions of the community now deprived of it, but who possess sufficient capacity to exercise it with wisdom and moderation. In these countries, the lowest classes, degraded by ignorance, by servitude, and by poverty, form dark and dangerous masses of brutal strength and brutal passion, —irresistible, inflammable, and ever ready to be inflamed to a destructive conflagration. To place power in such hands would be to throw open property to the depredations of the rapacious ; to expose life to the violence of the ferocious ; to degrade virtue and knowledge from high places ; and to elevate in their stead, ignorance and vice ; to prostrate all law and order before the blind fury of a mob, and to make society a scene of anarchy and blood. From these reflections we may deduce this general rule, applicable to all nations,—that in order to attain the object of government, the sovereign power of the state should be shared by that portion of the community which possesses sufficient intelligence to exercise it with wisdom, and whose interests are co-extensive with the interests of the whole.

In our happy country the sovereign power is not confined to a few, but is shared by all ; and yet we feel secure. The system has so far worked well. Liberty, and property, and life, are protected by just and equal laws. We are prosperous,

and our prosperity is increasing. We look back on the past with pride ; notwithstanding temporary distress, we rejoice in the present ; and in the future we see nothing but coming greatness and glory. Such are our feelings and such our hopes, because we believe that we can depend upon the virtue and intelligence of the majority of the people. Our government has been called an experiment. It was so, and must still be considered as such, notwithstanding half a century of fortunate results. But if there ever was an experiment which had a fair chance of success, ours is one. We have a fertile soil, producing every thing necessary for support and enjoyment, a temperate climate and a vast territory of unbounded resources. We have a free, intelligent, industrious, and enterprising population, with the materials of wealth existing around them in lavish profusion. We possess the freshness and vigor of youth with the experience of age ; for we have not grown up slowly through centuries of ignorance and barbarism, but we started with all the advantages of knowledge and civilization. Our ancestors brought with them the institutions, the arts, the literature, the customs and the manners of the freest, the most enlightened, and most moral nation of modern times. We are a religious people ; we have the laws of Alfred—and the language of Shakspeare ; and we are descended from the noble Anglo-Saxon race, and have already, in the virgin fields of this new world, displayed “the mettle of its pasture.” If with all these advantages we fail in the experiment of self-government, then freedom and national happiness and human advancement are Utopian visions, fit only for the brains of dreaming enthusiasts, and hope may indeed bid the world farewell. But we shall not fail. No one can look round upon the improved science, the increasing knowledge, the accumulating wealth, the diffused intelligence, the activity and earnestness of the present age, and suppose it possible that mankind can ever relapse into ignorance and barbarism. Distress and disaster there may be and will be ; violence and disorder, and error and crime there may be and will be ; but mankind have gained a vantage-ground from which they can never be driven, and their march, though opposed by difficulty and by danger, must still be onward.

We hear much of the progress of liberal opinions, of the universal tendency towards popular government, of the increasing power of the people ; and there are persons who are uneasy, and who tremble when they hear of these things. But they are the natural consequences of more extended civilization ; and ever since that memorable day when democracy first spoke in rifle volleys from Bunker's Hill, if the power of the people has increased, it is because the intelligence of the people has increased



along with it. Liberty cannot be forced beyond intelligence, it will not be kept behind it. They are inseparable companions, and move hand in hand ; for Nature has appointed knowledge to govern, and ignorance to obey. This power of the people is destined to advance in Europe with the advancement of science and the arts, the multiplication and diffusion of the comforts and conveniences of life, and the improvement of popular education. It is destined, we trust, in our own country to be strengthened and confirmed, but regulated and exercised with wisdom and safety by the operation of the same causes. When we look forward to the future, and attempt to imagine the broad expanse of our vast territories, filled with a free, united, intelligent, and virtuous population, harmoniously acting together for the common good with all the advantages of improved knowledge, covered with cities, and towns, and luxuriant cultivation, and rich with the varied and unknown treasures which Science promises when she points to the wonders that she has already accomplished, the picture of vague and majestic grandeur is too great for the grasp of fancy. That we may retain the good we have already achieved, that we may realize this glorious vision of the future, it is necessary that all men should be impressed with the conviction of these truths—that free government is the foundation and bulwark of every blessing ; and that whilst the sovereign power is shared by the whole people, the principles of political science should be studied and understood by the whole people.

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## THE TRAVELLER.

DECEMBER'S blasts howled drear through naked trees ;  
Night hung with black and dismal drapery round ;  
Spirits of death seemed floating on the breeze,  
And shrieking wild in its terrific sound.  
Beneath the sable canopy of heaven,  
A traveller took his solitary way ;  
Alas ! by murky tempest fiercely driven,  
He wandered from his cottage far away.  
Wolves hoarsely barked around him ; numbed with cold,  
The red stream curdled in his stiffening veins !  
A vision of his fireside o'er him roll'd,  
And " Oh my children," echoed through the plains.  
Shivering at length he reached—the place of his desire ;  
He went directly in, and sat down near the fire !

A. M. A.

## TO THE ROSE.

Oh, Rose! the sweetest, loveliest prize  
Of all by Flora's bounty given,  
Upon thy leaves what softness lies!  
Odors, that seem the breath of Heaven,  
Around them rise!

Inspirer of the Lesbian lay!  
Thou trembling type of passion's pow'r!  
Emblem of youth, of beauty's sway,  
'Tis thine to reign thy little hour,  
Then fade away!

Yet, graces fled, and beauty past,  
Still gentle pow'rs thy leaves retain;  
And, like the mind of nobler cast,  
Regale the sense and soften pain  
E'en to the last.

And if, upon the breast reclin'd,  
Should e'en with thee be found a thorn,  
Oh! let it teach the wounded mind  
To know the ban, each blessing born  
Of earth must find.

Yet still, imperfect though it be,  
Not with cold eye the gift to scorn,  
But meet the ill, and grateful see  
What beauties rise and life adorn,  
Sweet Rose! like thee.

By thee, in graceful garlands bound,  
When Rome her days of empire led,  
The board was blest, the Lares crown'd,  
Dearer than Persia's pomp, to shed  
A fragrance round.

Thence sprang thy soft, thy sacred claim,  
Beneath whose shade the virtues clung,  
Where truth and wit, and feeling came,  
And honor's pledge untarnish'd hung  
Upon thy name.

And in the Christian temples, thence,  
Where kneeling penitence is heard,  
Thy image bends, with mystic sense,  
*Sub rosâ* the assuring word  
Of confidence.

Fairest and best! around my bow'r  
With all thy varying graces bend!  
Thy beauties charm'd the morning hour,  
To ev'ning may thy virtues lend  
A soothing pow'r!

Dorchester, Mass.

S. A. C.

## THE FLIGHT OF YUEN:

### A LEGEND OF CATHAY.

#### CHAPTER. I.

YUEN-MIN-LOO was a mandarin of the first water, with a vice-regal button surmounting his skull-cap; he administered justice, after a fashion peculiarly ingenious and profitable, throughout the entire province of Tchét-Chiang. Closely connected in blood with the ruling favorite of the most august of potentates, his coffers were gorged with the glittering ransom of a thousand illegally arrested victims, while his virtues, extolled by a community fearing their fate, were echoed and re-echoed upon trust over the five great mountains and the four rivers, even to the limits of the empire. His personal attractions, no less than his wealth and civic honors, were the theme of universal envy; not one of all the deputy governors of the most fastidious of countries could boast of longer nails, larger ears, or a more redundant queue. The refinement of his taste was beyond rivalry; a private sculptor being employed to embellish his gardens with the most approved unimaginable marble monsters, which grinned upon you at every turn among miniature bridges supported on artificial rocks, over lakes containing several gallons of water. In the midst of rare shrubberies and trelliced parterres, vocal with the music of peacocks, (of which Min-Loo was particularly fond) stood six gilded cottages; five of which made his residence in moods of retirement, while one, the choicest in its decorations, was set apart for the timid and blooming Shin-Shin, the most obedient of wives, and dear to his heart as the mother of four male children, of whom it was remarked by a neighboring sage, that they were born little old men; indeed, their gravity of carriage merited this bold encomium, as neither was known to laugh; and their bows and fan manœuvres at the age of five years were executed with the precision of a hinge; the eldest, indeed, was declared by his nurse to have evinced a ceremonious politeness at the breast. With all these sources of content Min-Loo was ill at ease; though scrupulously devout, lavishing sandal wood and gilt paper upon the ugliest of his idols morning, noon, and night, till they were completely smoke-dried, dedicating a snug temple, and housing a runaway priest of Foh; though his ancestors were all buried and settled to their liking in the other world, and he himself



was on the best of propitiatory terms with all the tiger-headed and drum-bellied supernumerary deities, he obviously ate his rice at a disadvantage. In vain the infantile Fat-Lung (his favorite) exhibited his precocious formalities; in vain his beautiful and discreet wife by turns puffed herself into apathy with a long slender pipe of exquisite polish, by turns poured out the broken tide of grief on her unlucky little eastern mandolin like a kitten in the snow; he shut himself up in the most retired of the cottages, and surrendered his soul to solitary anxiety.

"I have sacrificed one man too many," soliloquised Yuen-Min-Loo; "fool that I was for a paltry booty to hazard my credit with the father of kings. My great cousin Leang is threatened with assassination. May the god of his threshold avert a calamity which ensures my exposure! public exposure! and then, Yuen-Min-Loo, the cord, or the cold country, and prisoners' rations—huh zh! Let me ponder: exile and confiscation are better than death; but self-banishment, eh, Min-Loo, were better than either; inasmuch as wealth is very good, and partial liberty preferable to none at all; but how, alas! to secure it?"

Min-Loo mused a long while, and at last, leaning over his table, accomplished a complicated letter to an agent on the sea-coast. He shook a silver bell, despatched a confidential runner with the message, and breathed more freely. Again his hand sought the silver bell with a jerk—"Call Pully-Lang-Shoo!"

Pully-Lang-Shoo, the priest of Foh, appeared; and when the governor led the way to an inner closet without windows, lined with ermine fur, he knew that a matter of life and death was pending.

"Hist!" the priest held his breath for upwards of four minutes: "we must flee the country," whispered Min-Loo deliberately, in the tone of a man who has made up his mind.

"Madness!" gasped Pully-Lang-Shoo, "the thing is impossible!"

"I am preparing the largest of junks," said Min-Loo.

"Yah!" exclaimed Pully-Lang-Shoo.

"It is to be very commodious, with a fine cuddy on the poop for the little cross-legged god with one eye, and ample accommodations for all the others, besides a birth under hatches for the blessed image of Kung-foo-tse, three hundred bales of gilt paper for sacrifice, some gunpowder, and a chest of bullion for you."

"The risk is awful," said Pully-Lang-Shoo.

"The crew are secure, and you must attend me, or,"—here Min-Loo passed his fingers rapidly across his neck under the ear, at which, though done with the utmost serenity, the priest looked alarmed.

"Me to Foh ! if I must, I must," muttered Pully-Lang-Shoo ; but where and when are we to go ?"

"To the country of the tea-drinking barbarian devils ; and to sail by the second moon," whispered Min-Loo, and they parted.

## CHAPTER II.

Two moons had rolled away. About the time of the feast of lanterns, when his illuminated gardens rivalled the haunts of genii in a Persian tale, when the lakes of many gallons glittered in foci, like darkling mirrors, and multiplied the softened splendor of a thousand colored lamps, revealing golden and silvery fish at intervals where the sheen was brightest, Min-Loo repaired with hasty steps to the latticed bower of Shin-Shin.

"Your cheeks are painted of a pleasing carmine to-night," he began, "and your feet are more graceful than cream-colored mice ; I am happy in your society."

Shin-Shin was overcome. Did her lord then think her worthy of a flattery so touching ? A tear broke from each eye, and cleared itself a little white canal through the glowing red, towards her chin.

Thus beauty flies before grief, thought Min-Loo ; and while he made the reflection, his youngest boy, who could not walk, ruined his nose against the tiled floor in attempting a profound obeisance. All this confiding tenderness and self-denying filial reverence, so touched the governor's heart, that he could hardly forbear an impetuous boo-oo-oo ! 'Twas hard to leave these mourners to confiscation along with the rest of the estate and moveables ; and the revulsion of feeling might have unmanned him, had he not darted out with a velocity that straightened his queue. "Solace of my childhood, and cradle of my maturity,\* farewell !" sighed he with pardonable inaccuracy, considering the circumstances, as attended by Pully-Lang-Shoo, and followed by porters with a world of luggage, he hurried away, casting a last lingering look upon his pleasure-grounds. "Adieu, my family ! Adieu poor Shin-Shin ! thou conceivest as little of the object of this journey as I do of its end."

The sea-coast was to be gained with all possible despatch ; and sedans, constructed for the purpose, were resorted to for conveyance, as in them the travellers might avail themselves of the intervening bye-paths and avoid display. Pully-Lang-Shoo was much annoyed on finding his coveted bullion bestowed at

\* The Chinese have been accused of incapacity to conceive a figure of speech ; this exquisite and original apostrophe must put their traducers to the blush, i. e. of course after being properly reversed.

this juncture quite out of his reach, with other ingots and jewels over which the governor brooded in person with the most irritating care, as it completely spoiled a snug underplot of his own, which augured better for himself than his patron, and was indeed quite subversive of the voyage. He looked wretchedly resigned at best, as they passed under the triumphal arches and gay lanterns of the nearest village, amid echoing gongs and blazing rockets, and groups of faces beaming with curious complacency. The Governor had screened his person, and felt far less sympathy than ever with the pranks of occasional mountebanks.

Min-Loo urged on the bearers and porters, and the sombre sedans, and the world of luggage trotted on to their destiny, in single file, with the greatest celerity and quiet.

The night, though short enough, amply sufficed them to reach the gray ocean beach, and the earliest dawn, much to their satisfaction, revealed the largest of junks, close at hand, riding by a single anchor. All was arranged for immediate departure; crew and cargo safely on board, the latter consisting entirely of materials for sacrifice, and sea-stores. The magazine was well stocked, affording every facility for blowing themselves up in case of pursuit, and a noted navigator was not wanting in the person of one Hop-Qua, surnamed the amphibious, who had been acquitted of felony for the express purpose of guiding the vessel, and who had already displayed singular tact in collecting a complement of men under false pretences, and procuring, in like manner, the necessary papers for a legalized voyage.

No time was lost by the governor in embarking with his clerical attendant, and the sun was barely risen before the valuables and *et ceteras* were duly disposed of, idols enshrined, morning devotions finished, crew marshalled, and anchor aweigh. The harmonious chant at the windlass was nearly concluded, when the face of Pully-Lang-Shoo became suddenly elongated, and the day was pronounced inauspicious. The aspect of things changed in a moment; the cable was again paid out, the crew rearranged themselves for gaming, the captain ceased dictating through his nose and fingered his opium box; the Priest commenced pestering the little cross-legged god with one eye, his pet deity; and Min-Loo seated himself for the day astride of a barrel of gunpowder, smoking his pipe, the very picture of eastern impatience hopelessly brought to a stand. He retained his place, taking no food for forty-eight hours, excepting one platter of bird's-nest jelly, which he swallowed without looking at it, keeping his eyes all the time rivetted on the dangerous shore; so that when a propitious moment came at last, he had only



vivacity enough left to ejaculate "tchin tchin Foh—steer due east!" and fell fast asleep.

When he awoke the main land was gone, and the sun setting rosily over a little brown island, hardly big enough to apostrophise, but gazed on with vivid feelings, as giving him the last glimpse of his native land. Min-Loo, though a man of great horticultural genius, as we before observed, was no poet, and beyond a partiality for the voices of peacocks, but little of a musician; so that he had but little to say or sing audibly at this crisis; but a gleam of placid roguery now shot across his face for the first time since his departure from home.

### CHAPTER III.

Two hundred and seventeen day's hard sailing had much altered the position of the largest of junks, but nothing had yet occurred particularly to appal the navigators, excepting the appearance of a warlike-looking vessel at a distance in the morning of the second day; on which occasion the Governor had proceeded rather abruptly to fire the magazine before the look-out could find time to mention that she was sailing the opposite way. Innumerable islands had been passed, where Min-Loo's modesty had been shocked at the sight of naked inhabitants, and they were now exploring an unbroken and apparently illimitable ocean. The wind had some time since obliged them to swerve considerably from their course, but Hop-Qua's reckoning was still respectably clear, and he bore up manfully in the main, only hinting to the Governor in private that he would have done better to seek refuge in one of the islands of nakedness; as they must have passed the limits of dry land in the night, and were now probably pretty well outside of creation.

"Fiddle-de-dee!" said Min-Loo, pettishly, "the islands of nakedness, indeed: have we not understood that the tea-drinking devils often occupy eight moons in their passage home?"

"Who knows that?" the captain pertly rejoined, (for Hop-Qua was a free-thinker,) "their word is not to be believed; and, if it were, who shall guide us to this country of tea-drinkers, of all places, which it is to be presumed they can hardly find themselves?—beside the last jar of samshu is already in requisition, the opium growing scanty, and once sober, the crew will certainly mutiny. Poor fellows! they have a natural right to be beaten to death at home, and here they are pining away in the south-east corner of the universe for no fault of their own: alas! that we should have passed the naked isles."

"I wouldn't live there on any account," said the Governor, "not to mention the chance of being retaken ; so sail away, trust to little cross-legs, and burn matches six times a day."

Whether in token of the pet idol's approbation of this pious finale, or from whatever cause it fell out, a vessel of the barbarians was at this moment observed passing in full sight ; and though it proved impossible to speak her, all were gratified and reassured to find that she sailed the same way with themselves.

"Me to Foh ! what do you think now ?" said the Governor, chuckling his capacious sleeve.

Another moon delighted the fugitives with the sight of land : a long verdant coast, mocking the vision with its extent, and skirted with enormous white mountains in the distance, was spread out invitingly before them. All was gratitude, bustle, and rejoicing.

"'Tis the country of the tea-drinking devils at last," exclaimed the Governor ; "and those huge mountains are undoubtedly the outer wall of the world."

The shore was soon gained, and a party despatched to reconnoitre ; but though they found fruits and sparkling springs in abundance, the region appeared wholly uninhabited ; at which the Governor's refined social taste again took alarm.

"We must sail on again," said he ; and after three happy days of rambling ashore, the largest of junks was again reeling on her blind path, steering southerly in obedience to the sinuosities of the coast. This was not, however, before the quarter portion of the crew had been left behind, to settle a colony, much against their wills.

Fourteen successive weeks brought to view no sea-port or other vestige of man's proximity, and the fifteenth was ushered in by a fearful gale, which spun the vessel out to sea with the force of a whirlwind, almost rolling her bottom upwards and revealing all her hidden symmetry ; here snapped a mast, and then flew a sail, with a stunning rattle as it vanished in the murky air. The largest of junks groaned like a thing of life—the sea roared—the gongs went fairly mad—little cross-legs slid from his pedestal—Pully-Lang-Shoo launched overboard a furnace of sacrificial fuel, which himself barely escaped following—the captain hid himself below—and the Governor's cherished queue got entangled in a brace block, from which he was only extricated at the expense of his scalp, with the prospect of being a phenomenon for the rest of his days. This chaotic aspect of things continued for a week, and the ensuing fortnight proved insufficient to restore hope to the bewildered mariners, or a tolerably whole skin to the head of the Governor. The land had long been lost sight of, and the sun seemed to have entirely lost his attribute of warmth.

"Where are we now?" inquired Min-Loo of the captain, now shivering in sheep-skins.

But Hop-Qua had lost all notion of course and distance in the series of gales, and desired to be bamboozed if he knew: the stars were not the stars of Cathay, and every thing about them wore a look of chilling strangeness.

The Priest had latterly smoked a world of opium; he shook his head placidly.

"O for the naked islands!" sighed little Hop-Qua.

This ejaculation touched the Governor's bile; "Me to Foh! sail on," said he, "and sail as easterly as you can!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

Twelve weary moons, and still the largest of junks pursued a solitary course over the waters. The little captain, Hop-Qua, though he had once served in a smuggler, squatted about with the submissiveness of a lamb; exhibiting a sort of semi-vitality, only alive to the fact that he had sailed alarmingly far to the eastward. Pully-Lang-Shoo had worn himself out in the oral intercession with the little one-eyed God, as the sacrificial stores had been long ago exhausted; and the Governor, wasted to a shadow of his former self, stood in his flowing double pelisse like a folded umbrella poised on its handle. The trio were completely tired of watching the lapse of time and conjecturing the magnitude of the world: they had seen many strange lands, encountered frightful storms, and met and held fruitless parley with many barbarian ships; had been once on the point of finally disembarking, but were denied a settlement, much to their surprise, by a hostile people whom they had mistaken for apes. They had afterwards passed by delightful and friendly countries with utter negligence, owing to certain dismal dreams of pursuit and detection, which had partly unhinged the Governor's mind of late, urging him irresistibly onward.

In spite of a crazy gleam in his eye, Min-Loo's ascendancy over his companions had become such as to impart to them a portion of his own anxiety to reach the still undiscovered kingdom of tea-drinkers in spite of time, toil, and distance. "Our bullion is good for nothing elsewhere," said he, as they lay at anchor in the shelter of a delicious lagune, hemmed in by islands of seducing verdure.

But the priest neglected the remark; his eye was fixed on an object just visible from behind an adjacent point. All turned.

"Hy Yah!" said Pully-Lang-Shoo.

"We have sailed nearly three and twenty moons towards the rising sun," faltered Hop-Qua, with eyes disturbed, and jaws getting stationary at an angle of  $45^{\circ}$ .



"'Tis the apparition of my dreams!" gasped Yuen-Min-Loo.

'Twas a junk from Cathay!—A few minutes brought the vessels together, and the stranger hailed: every eye on her decks being fixed with a strange stare of recognition on the captain, the priest, and the Governor, who remained transfixed with wonder on the poop of the largest of junks.

"Who are ye, and whence came ye?" screamed a tall figure, with a voice which reminded Min-Loo of his long-forgotten peacocks.

"We are perplexed wanderers," returned Hop-Qua, "bound no whither in particular, or rather to a place which we cannot find."

"They are mad!" yelled a rabble rout from the decks of the intruder.

"They are ours," muttered her knot of starveling officers.

"And your names?"

"Hop-Qua, captain, the mandarin Yuen-Min-Loo, and Pully-Lang-Shoo, priest of Foh; with a few mariners of little note."

The last question was hardly answered before a crowd of assailants poured into the devoted vessel, and the three forlorn fugitives even forced on board the stranger. Question and complaint were alike of no avail: no heed was given; and the Governor speedily found himself and suite accommodated with square collars of camphor-wood, extremely comfortless and uncouth, and consigned to a strong murky cell under hatches.

"Cathay—some other Cathay—where—how?" drivelled poor Yuen-Min-Loo, his wits fast ebbing away.

"O little cross-legs, alas!" sobbed Pully-Lang-Shoo.

Hop-Qua's eyes protruded like a lobster's, but he said nothing.

"Steer easterly!" was echoed in harsh tones overhead.

The dash of curling waters and all the racket of navigation filled their ears day after day, night after night, week after week; till after a dreary interval a peculiar tumult announced the mooring of the vessel, and the adventurers were soon again breathing the open air. A seaport was before them, all alive with lights though the hour was past midnight.

"Surely," said the Governor—but the conjectural remark was precluded by immediate gagging, and all effervescence of feeling on the part of Pully-Lang-Shoo suppressed in a similar manner; even Hop-Qua was not allowed to hold his tongue in peace.

"I could swear to the fashion of the camphor-wood collar," thought Yuen-Min-Loo.

"If we had not sailed so far east," thought the Captain.

Pully-Lang-Shoo groaned defiance.

Conveyance to the interior of the country, whatever re-

gion it might be, was unavoidable; and the jaunt that ensued might have soothed a party of less pre-occupied feelings; but the Governor and his companions were too nervous. The groups of houses occurring on their way, the fireworks, the people and the sounds were a growing puzzle which became quite agonizing as the night wore away: every thing wore a familiar, indeed a feast-of-canterny sort of expression which made their fettered situation a double torture as they could not possibly rub their eyes. Morning solved the riddle, with a panorama not to be mistaken. Those booths, platforms, arches, trees, accustomed figures and faces, that picturesque walled garden in the distance—what did they present? The very pleasure-grounds of the Governor, the very birth-place of Pully-Lang-Shoo, priest of Foh, and Captain Hop-Qua! But neither Yuen-Min-Loo, the priest, or the Governor had any thing to say. Indeed it was next to impossible—their heads were off!

W. A. G.

## THE EMIGRANT'S BURIAL.

BY L. L. NOBLE.

WITHIN the thicket of a wood  
 On Huron's willow-border wild,  
 Beneath a shaggy walnut, stood  
 An Indian and an English child.  
 A walnut-gathering urchin one,  
 With bag and baskets nigh;  
 A hunter, with his glistering gun  
 The other, dark and high.  
 And thus the lofty hunter spake,—  
 Nor was the boy afraid  
 To hear his tones of silver break  
 The silence of the shade.

"Son of the snow-neck'd mother, say,  
 Oh where is all thy tribe to-day?  
 By pond, or meadow, the strolling deer  
 Prick not at the rifle's crack, an ear;  
 Nor flutters a pigeon away from the oaks,  
 At the busy clack of the axeman's strokes:  
 The clouds, that blacken'd the moon last night,  
 Hasten'd off at the rising light,  
 And left the sky all blue and bare  
 As the bosom of St. Claire:  
 A brighter morn there has not been  
 Since summer left the prairies green,  
 And flung his cloud-suspended bow—  
 Upon autumnal woods below;  
 Yet far and nigh, on plain and hill,  
 Though warm and sunny, 'tis lone and still:

Fawn of the swan-neck'd mother, say,  
Read they in the sacred book to-day ?"

" Oh no ! there are but dwellings four,  
My sister tells me, far and wide ;  
Three on the openings, and no more,  
And one upon the Huron's side :  
And thither, in their best array,  
And not to church, to pray and chant,  
Are all the people gone to-day,  
With tears and service sad, to lay  
In his grave an emigrant."  
Before that dark Ot-ta-wa wild,  
So talk'd the fearless English child.

The noiseless noon-tide hour was past,  
—The hour when sleep will scarce express  
The stillness of the wilderness ;  
And waked the soft south-west at last :  
Again, in yellow woods around,  
The leaves made on a solemn sound ;  
And oaks, with merry noise, shook down  
From rustling boughs their acorns brown :  
The chief, whose tent is the tamarac ;  
Whose voice was sweet in the walnut-wood,  
Loitering down a blind elk-track,  
That leads from the crystal river back,  
Before a log-built dwelling stood.  
The ever-watchful mastiff dog  
That bark'd beside the lowermost log,  
When the grey owl hooted, or wolf might howl,  
Bade him *hold*—with an angry growl.  
But he can hear, if he stand aloof,  
Swelling through the clifted roof,  
Sad as a dove's on a willow limb,  
The dying strain of a holy hymn :  
Its burden soon he guesses well  
From what the wandering wight did tell,  
That spake so fearless and so free  
Beneath the ragged hickory tree.

'Tis hush—and now a voiceless band  
—The only dwellers of the land—  
Gathers slowly from the door  
Underneath the shades before ;  
And lingering all uncover'd there,  
Though the sun-beams fall aslant,  
Await the chosen four that bear  
The coffin of the emigrant.

'Twere less a sight to tell, than see,  
Beneath the spreading door-yard tree :  
—Maid to maiden whispering,  
As they shape a less'ning ring  
To gaze their last upon the blight  
That froze around a brow of might ;  
And catch, for hallow'd memory's sake,  
What death could never steal away,  
—The smile upon his lips that lay  
Like moonlight on the pearl-ice flake :  
—Then, that more than parting look  
The elder men and matrons took,



As scenes forgotten bright and fast  
 Flashed out, like lightning, from the past :  
 —And the faster gushing tears,  
 As they thought of later years,  
 When, as leader of their band,  
 He left behind the "father land,"  
 With breast, that danger could not daunt,  
 Yet, with a prayer, the God would bless,  
 And came, a hardy emigrant,  
 To that romantic wilderness.

All silent in the yellow sun,  
 Still resting on his gleaming gun,  
 Aside, the lofty hunter kept ;  
 No sigh his bare high bosom swelling ;—  
 No softening tear his keen eye wept ;  
 Yet, in stern fix'd look, apart,  
 There hung a shade of sadness telling  
 That there was grief withal, at heart.

The circle breaks—a mourner stands  
 —A sylph-like virgin at her side,  
 The may-queen of the vale and pride—  
 Bending low, with clasped hands,  
 In sorrow deep, her aching head  
 Above the bosom of the dead ;  
 Oh, what were all the bliss of life  
 Then to that peace-broken wife !—  
 In that bitter burning grief  
 What can yield her soul relief !  
 —The tender girl, whose elfin feet  
 So fondly tangled wood-paths beat,  
 Where bend the purple clusters low,  
 Or the wreathing roses blow,  
 Who will guard her, when they bloom  
 Round a father's sylvan tomb ?—

But whither hath he turned him now  
 The warrior of the gloomy brow ?  
 Dancing out of the damp wood-vaults  
 Upon the lawn a red deer halts ;—  
 And long as it will, it may linger there,  
 For all that wood-man bold will care :  
 He makes to look at the sinking sun  
 To see how long ere the day be done ;  
 But, in sooth, to dry the glist'ning streak  
 A tear had left on his golden cheek.

Slowly dropp'd the red leaves down  
 From the mossy branches brown,  
 Lightly rustling, as they slid  
 On the fitted coffin-lid,  
 When the pensive bearers near  
 Lifting high the burden'd bier,  
 By a winding leaf-strown way,  
 Under arching chestnuts gray,  
 From that lowly log-house door  
 March'd with measured step once more ;  
 And where the lonesome ring-doves haunt  
 Made the grave of the emigrant.

## THE NIGHTINGALE OF MUROM:

(SOLOWEI RASBOINIK.)

A TALE, BY WILLIAM MULLER.

(Concluded.)

TRANSLATED BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES FROM THE GERMAN."

DURING the reign of St. Vladimir in the tenth century, Russia was invaded by hordes of barbarians issuing from the mountains and deserts near the Caspian Sea. These savages fed upon raw flesh, warm blood was their favorite drink, and they were extremely fierce, cruel, and rapacious. The brave Russians, under Vladimir, encountered and drove them back to their unexplored fastnesses. The rich and cultivated fields of Russia, however, often tempted them to renewed incursions, and during the latter part of the thirteenth century the country became too much weakened by dissensions and civil wars to oppose a successful resistance to their attacks. The city of Torschesk was one of the great number besieged and taken by these barbarians. It was entirely destroyed, and its inhabitants, with those of the neighboring villages, were either slain or carried away captive.

Among those thus forced away into ignominious servitude was a venerable grey-haired man bent with age; at his side walked a trembling maiden, and her betrothed, a blooming youth. Alas, this suffering group had seen happier days; they had come from Muram to Torschesk to celebrate their marriage among friends and relatives who resided at the latter place. How had their prospects changed! The youth, thoroughly accomplished in the use of sword and lance, was highly esteemed; while Anastasia, in compliment to her vocal powers, usually called Solowei, was a most lovely girl. She had been accustomed to tread the rich carpets of Bucharja; joy and splendor had encompassed her about; and her bright eyes glanced only upon fair and pleasing objects. But how uncertain is human happiness! On the very day when she was to be united with the dear object of her love, were they both plunged into the depths of misery. But love lightens every earthly woe; its

holy influence rendered the sufferers more inexpressibly dear to each other than they had ever been during the sunshine of their prosperity. Each suppressed all selfish sorrow, and only mourned the trials of the others. When the maiden's feet became bloody and swollen from the roughness of the path, Igor, her betrothed, took off his bark shoes and handed them to her. Receiving them with heartfelt but voiceless gratitude, she knelt down before her aged father, and bound the soft soles upon his mutilated feet, rejoicing in the relief thus administered to the author of her being. When they rested at mid-day, and the scanty meal given them was insufficient to satisfy the cravings of one, Igor would pass his portion to Anastasia, who took it only to give it to her father. Yet, amid all their suffering, they were not wholly miserable, for they were guiltless, were together, and could minister to each other.

On a certain day one of the robbers approached the maiden, and showed her an article which he had found among his booty, asking its name and use. Anastasia immediately recognized her own property, a harp, which had been imported from Greece for her use; she was a mistress of the instrument, and it was the charming songs she had formerly sung to it which obtained for her the name of "the Nightingale."

On again beholding this dear companion of happier hours, she pressed it to her heart as if it had been a sentient being, and began a song imploring strength and consolation from the Most High, for she had been piously trained. Holy and thrilling are the tones sent forth by sorrowing innocence; an universal silence instantly obtained; the wild tumult of the barbarians and the criminal imprecations of the despairing sufferers, were all hushed; the scourge of the tormenter ceased its exercise, and all pressed near to drink in the delightful strains. Her tones excited a feeling of tenderness in the bosoms of the inhuman monsters; thenceforth they held the maiden in great honor, and, suffering her no longer to travel on foot, they mounted her upon a gentle pony; but the good daughter begged and implored until they were compelled to permit her to share this alleviation with her feeble parent. The fame of her song reached even the ears of the leader of the horde, the cruel Bagur. Having had her brought to his tent, he commanded her to sing and play. She obeyed, and sang of the wanderings and sufferings of the Redeemer upon earth. Bagur also confessed the power of her voice.

"You sing well," said Bagur, "but the sadness of your manner depresses the heart. Sing me songs in praise of pleasure, of love, and of our gods; then will I raise you to the honor of being one of my wives, for you are fair and lovely."



Anastasia shrunk back with horror,—and in the ebullition of her wounded feelings, forgetful of the leader's power, she proudly answered :

"Thy wife, heathen, I cannot become, for I am already betrothed to a Christian husband ; thy false gods I cannot praise, for I abhor them ; and other songs than those in exaltation of my holy faith, shall never come from my lips."

Terrible as an angry lion sprang Bagur from his seat, his voice trembling with rage: "Audacious woman ! darest thou oppose me before whom thousands upon thousands have bitten the dust ? My wife thou shalt never be. I will not stoop to wed my slave ; but thou shalt obey my commands, abjure thy faith, and in thy deepest sorrow, when thy heart is bleeding, thou shalt sing songs of joy ; or thou, thy father and thy lover, shalt die before the sun has eight times revisited the earth."

In obedience to a nod from the monster, she was taken from the tent and put to the torture ; with every new infliction she was asked : "Will thou abjure thy faith and acknowledge our gods ?" But she remained steadfast in her faith, despite her sufferings, and constantly prayed to the Lord. On the third day, however, when her tender and wounded limbs would bear no more, they brought forth her aged father, and began to torture him as they had tortured her.

Then, when the moans of her father fell upon her ear,—when she saw the stains of his flowing blood upon his white hairs,—her courage failed, her resolution gave way, and she cried : "Hold ! I will forsake my god, and worship your idols !"

The unhappy woman, having denied Him to whom she had been indebted for grace and consolation from the hour of her birth, was led forth to a grass-plot upon which a gigantic stone image had been erected. It was discolored with human blood, and serpents were coiling about and nestling in a cavity which represented the place of the heart. The image was so roughly and badly formed, its appearance was so dreadful and disgusting, that the poor wanderer shuddered with terror when first it met her view. The priest of the idol commanded her : "Kneel down and worship ; this god is the mightiest of the immortals, for he is the father of evil, and all men obey him."

Anastasia knelt down, with sinful words abjured her God, promised never to return to his worship, and then prayed to that disgusting image who was, by his followers even, named the father of evil. But it was only with her lips, her heart consented not to what her tongue pronounced ; yet was it a great sin not to stand firm in the hour of trial. As the recantation was now completed, the poor girl moved to depart. But Bagur commanded her to remain. His voice now no longer indicated his

former rage; he smiled, but that smile was more terrible than his anger.

"Thy punishment," said he, "is not yet ended. This god requires an offering to seal thy covenant with him. Choose which of the two, thy father or thy lover, shall be slain upon the altar. Within three days thou must decide which shall be the victim; and thou must sing glad songs in honor of thy new faith during the sacrificial ceremony. If thou doest it not, as I command, then shall father and lover both die."

The soul of the miserable maiden was darkened; she had staked her salvation and lost; for her perjury she had reaped but the wages of sin, the usual reward of crime; chastisement followed upon the heels of guilt. The three days allowed for her decision were one long agony. She had no faith, no hope; she no longer dared to address her prayers to that being whom she had denied and abjured. At length two of the days had passed. Many of the barbarian women visited her prison; they pitied the poor deserted one; they wept with her, and said: "Life is fair, thy father's days are numbered, therefore let him be sacrificed, and thou mayest yet live long and happy years with the beloved of thy heart."

Anastasia replied to these comforters only with a vacant stare. "Live happily!" murmured she with a shudder; "still continue to breathe on earth, after having shed my father's blood!"

"Lovest thou not, then, thy betrothed?" inquired the women.

"Oh! how dearly!" answered the sufferer, raising her eyes to that heaven from which her apostacy had shut her out forever. Overpowered by the anguish of her conflicting emotions she sank down at the feet of the heathen women, and piteously implored: "All I ask, all I pray for, is to be permitted to see him once again."

The women hastened to the idolatrous priest, and soon returned with his permission to visit Igor in his place of confinement. They themselves accompanied her to the sad interview. Clashed to Igor's heart, Anastasia said, "I have denied my creator and preserver, the only true God; he heard the impious words of my mouth, but he saw my heart and my soul. Canst thou forgive me?"

"Even as he will, so do I forgive thee," answered Igor.

Anastasia looked more earnestly into her beloved's eyes, and her voice trembled so as to be hardly audible as she said: "If I make thee a great, a superhuman sacrifice, wilt thou love me in the next world?"

And Igor pressed her more closely to his heart as he answered: "If I rightly understand thee, I now know how heavy is

the sacrifice thou wilt make, and there, as here, will I ever love thee."

The women and the people connected with the prison were filled with joy; for they supposed, from this conversation, that Igor was saved, and his youth and beauty had won for him universal sympathy. But Igor had differently interpreted the word of his beloved; from that hour he devoted his time to prayer and preparation for death.

The awful day has arrived; the priest stands beside his bloody idol awaiting his prey. The people, of all ages and sexes, throng the place of sacrifice to witness the consummation. Anastasia is brought forward, seated in front of the savage crowd, her harp placed in her hands, and the question put to her: "Which of the two shall I offer up?"

The old man raised his arms towards his daughter imploringly, and said: "My child, according to the eternal decrees of nature the hour of my death is at hand; my life has been one of suffering and affliction, let me therefore bless thee and die."

Anastasia answered not, but approached her betrothed, who, calm, fearless, and serene, seemed only to suffer for her who was dearer to him than life; she kissed his forehead, his eyes, his hands, his feet, and then turning to the priest, said: "Let this be my offering, and let my father live!"

Convulsively she seized her harp, and began to sing; the words were joyful, but the manner evinced agony which no words can depict. When she saw her lover's blood flow, her whole frame became convulsed, but her song ceased not. The father, who had kneeled upon the earth and raised his hands in prayer, fell dead at the sight. Still the song continued, becoming more and more fearfully horrible, destructive of hope and of life. The tones were no longer human, no longer earthly. Bagur and his people were seized with unspeakable horror, and with one voice they cried: "Cease, cease thy song, we cannot bear it!" But she ceased not.

The sky became obscured, a storm began to howl and the thunder to roll; but her tones were heard above the elemental uproar. Terror sat enthroned on every countenance; and now occurred an event not uncommon there, though almost unknown in this country. The earth heaved and opened, the gigantic idol tumbled from its pedestal and overthrew Bagur with the idolatrous priest, covering the surrounding multitude with shattered fragments. Still Anastasia sang! Trees were uprooted, and some of them so fell as to cover the remains of her father and lover with their green branches. Now first changed her song. The tones of awful imprecation softened to those of gentle wailing, and that instant she lay crushed be-



neath a fallen pine. The place, destroyed by the earthquake, became a desert waste; among the rubbish arose three small verdant knolls, and as we still see in solitary places where men, who by accident or violence have lost their lives, have been interred. Upon one of those knolls sat a small bird, whose wailing song melted the heart of every passer-by; it was the NIGHTINGALE OF MUROM! And, as for ages past, still sings that melancholy mourner of the dead. The wanderer who has the misfortune to hear her notes, instantly feels the awakening of indescribable pangs in his bosom, which often produce death before the song ceases; and for that reason is the bird called *Solovei Rasboinik*. Those who hear and outlive her song, are generally unsuccessful in their pursuits and unhappy in their minds; fortune seldom smiles upon them in this world.

"But it is already late," observed Eucharius; "the hour of prayer calls me hence. The Lord be with you, my children, in all your ways!"—and, having thus blessed them, he wandered slowly towards the village.

"If the tale were indeed true!" exclaimed the aged Martha.

"Mere babble," interposed a peasant who had served in Petersburg; "does not tradition also say that it thunders on St. John's day, and has not this day been serene and fair?"

"It is not yet midnight," breathed a hollow voice, which apparently came from Alexander, but which sounded so strangely that it seemed rather a warning from some unknown being; and, as if nature itself had determined to sustain the tradition, distant thunder was at that moment heard to roll.

"It thunders in reality," exclaimed Wanuschka, "but the storm is afar off."

"The Nightingale has also ceased singing," whispered Rosa; "this silence is fearful, and moreover I cannot withdraw my thoughts from poor Anastasia."

"Nor can I," answered Martha, casting a glance towards Alexander, who, luried in his own reflections, seemed unconscious of all around him; "if I am not much mistaken, there is one here who has himself heard the Nightingale of Murom."

Alexander started as if he had been called by name. "What say you," growled the disturbed man; "it is yet a long time since she called to me."

A cry of astonishment burst from all present. "Alexander! Thou? Thou hast heard the Nightingale of Murom?"

"Yes," he slowly answered, "I have heard her song; and, as to others, it has been to me a forerunner of misfortune, treachery, and ruined hopes."

"Alexander!" exclaimed Rosa with deep emotion.

"Silence, perfidious woman!" exclaimed he with a maniac glare; "thou hast broken thine oath—thou hast betrayed!"

"I?" stammered Rosa, hardly able to speak.

Seeing that all were filled with alarm, Alexander began to recollect himself, and drawing his hand across his pale forehead, exclaimed: "My head! Those wounds I received from the Turks burn so violently—it seems to me that it would be better if they should open again, and I could see the gushing of my blood as formerly."

He stretched forth his hand to Rosa, and as, for the first time, he clasped hers, in softened accents implored: "Forgive me, Rosa; thy lineaments, thy glances, thine eyes, have confused the mind of an unhappy being; I am thy countryman!"

"Thou!" joyfully exclaimed Rosa, "thou a Cossack?"

"Or rather I *was* one, for I have renounced my race."

"Renounced?" repeated Rosa with astonishment, "how can a Cossack renounce his people?"

"I have done so, nevertheless," answered the youth, "and for good cause. When I yet lived with my brethren, old Tscherkask was not yet deserted, and but few Cossacks had crossed over to settle the new town. We knew the peculiarities of our river, and were proud of it. As the warriors of the Don stand unparalleled among all Russians, so also was Tscherkask like no other city of the empire. Eight weeks in the year the city lies submerged, the roofs and towers only appearing, like friendly islands, above the waves. When the waters have reached their greatest height, neighbors can interchange visits only by means of boats. High scaffoldings are built along the middle of the streets, upon which the citizens can walk when the waters have but partially subsided; high bridges lead from these to the different dwellings. The houses stand upon high piles, among which the green grass luxuriantly shoots forth after the subsidence of the waters, furnishing rich food for horses and cattle. These vicissitudes, this constant expectation of change, these alternations of storm and sunshine, do they not picture forth the lives of the inhabitants of the Don, consecrated as they are from their birth to the profession of arms, to the protection of their country?"

"There was double joy in our house on the day when my father first clasped me in his arms; for his favorite mare, which had gallantly borne him through many a battle, had in the same hour cast a foal. Child and horse were raised together, and with almost equal care. I was allowed to creep about the stall, the light-brown colt played with me like a brother, and I had learned to ride ere I had learned to walk. But no horse bore me so lightly and safely through forest and desert as my

foster-brother Kaschka. He obeyed my call, suffered none but me to mount him, and was my faithful companion on all occasions. Yet, as the years of that noble animal are sooner numbered than those of man, Kaschka had already become old and disabled from service while I was in the fresh bloom of youth.

"Opposite my house dwelt an old man with his daughter; I have no name for either, and will therefore call him the old Cossack, her—" (Alexander's face assumed an expression of bitter scorn—) "I will name Faith. The father was a man of iron, who had fought the Turks, the Persians, and the French. He made his three crosses to the blessed God, but feared not the prince of darkness; and in all cases of danger was always ready with the favorite Russian expression "*ne bos*" [fear nothing.] His daughter was a noble girl, the crown of beauty in Tscherkask. She listened to my songs when in the solitary evening hour I sat upon the bank before my house; she saluted me kindly whenever I met her, she walked slower whenever she became aware that I was following, in the morning I was greeted by her smile, and in the evening I retired to rest with her image in my heart. We became familiar; she no longer stood aloof, but sat by my side, and listened with sympathetic feelings when I sang of love. Her father also smiled upon me, and delighted in hearing my tales of the heroes of the Don. But alas, he was rich and I was poor—therefore dared I not give utterance to my love. And yet, entirely hopeless I could not be, when in our lance exercises and tournaments her eyes were always fixed upon me alone, and the color forsook her cheeks when I threw myself under the horses' hoofs; when in our pleasure parties upon the Don she would be rowed by no arm but mine; when she would be mischievous and tantalizing during the whole day, and in the evening become gentle and pensive at parting as if there was danger that the separation might be lasting. Alas, she truly augured, that an hour, a moment, may change the heart and destiny of man.

"One day, as I was standing under the old Cossack's house, I observed that the beams upon which it rested had become old and decayed. I called the old man's attention to the danger, remarking that if the Don should again rise as high as the chambers, accompanied by a storm, the timbers would give way. "*Ne bos*," he quietly answered, "they have stood since our fathers' time, and will not so easily yield." Large quantities of snow had fallen during that year, and there was every prospect of an unusual rise of the river; but I ventured not to urge my opinion further, and so the house remained without any additional support.



"One morning, while I was yet dreaming of my beloved, I was awakened by a heavy clattering upon the stairs; upon looking for the cause, I found that Kaschka had broken from his stall and was mounting to my room; he neighed most joyfully at seeing me. Something very strange must have happened, thought I, to send the old horse up here. One glance from the window explained all. The water was deep in the streets, and a violent wind was tossing it about in foaming waves. This spring freshet, which usually rises very slowly at first, was increasing with incredible rapidity; while the waters, urged on by the wind, swept through the streets with an irresistible current. At that moment the old Cossack passed, with his servants, in a canoe. '*Ne bos,*' he exclaimed, 'we will first place the horses out of danger; my daughter, the lazy girl, is still asleep.' I hastened down to see if it was yet possible for me to reach my stable. The waves were too strong for me, but I ascertained that the stable was empty; the prudent animals had broken loose and hastened to the hills; Kaschka alone had remained to share the fate of his master.

"On returning again to the upper room, and while observing the fury of the storm and the swelling of the tumultuous waves, it seemed to me that the opposite house trembled. Illusion! The clouds of driving mist and the motion of the waves had deceived me. At length there was a dull groaning sound, which was directly succeeded by a fearful crash—the timbers had actually given way—it was no deception. The reeling house threatened every moment to yield before the power of the driving storm. At an open window stood the terrified girl. Stretching towards me her arms, she cried out in tones of anguish; I could distinguish no words, but I saw her suffering, saw her deadly peril. Higher rose the flood, more wildly howled the storm, and deeper and deeper sank the building. No boat, no float, no man but myself, was near. The rapid approach of the destructive moment allowed of no delay. Despair inspired me with resolution. A Cossack can swim only upon his horse; I mounted my faithful old animal—he joyfully kissed my hand when he felt me upon his back, and sprang into the flood.

"For some time it seemed as if the danger had given him new strength, and soon he reached the middle of the street where he could gain a footing upon the bridge. Now, however, was his power gone, when the danger was most pressing; the horse sunk; with great effort he raised himself, but to sink again; yet in the deep heard I the death-cry of the helpless girl, and by every means I urged and encouraged the faithful beast until he rose, panting and snorting, and finally reached

the house. The dear girl threw herself in my arms, and I hastened from the dangerous place; I could give the horse no rest, no time to recover his breath, and yet his load was now doubled. I whipped and spurred, and he panted and suffered, incapable of further effort; but both current and wind were now in our favor, and drove us to the opposite bank.

"We were already near my house when Kaschka sank again. With the last effort of despair I raised up my beloved, and she caught hold of the casement. She was saved, and now reached me her hand to draw me also in. My poor horse, relieved of half his burden, again exhibited some signs of vital power; I seized his mane, that he might share my rescue. But my strength was exhausted, and he drew me down again.

"Let go your hold, let the animal sink," exclaimed the maiden. These were the first words she ever uttered that gave me pain. I held on to the poor horse with a firmer grasp; it seemed shameful, sinful, to sacrifice the faithful animal. At this moment the opposite house fell with a tremendous crash, frightfully increasing the commotion of the heaving waters, and filling them with floating fragments. In the confusion of the moment I caught hold of the window-frame of my own house, and when again capable of observation, saw poor Kaschka's dead body floating down the stream.

"You can hardly imagine how sincerely I bewailed the loss of that faithful friend. The old Cossack's heart appeared, for once, to be touched, and he evinced the most grateful feelings towards the preserver of his daughter.

" 'This time,' said he, 'the milk-sop has shown more prudence than the grey-beard.' When I pointed out to him the vacant place where his house formerly stood, he shook his head with a meaning smile, and quietly observed, 'Ne bos,' my brother, 'you will see it there again next autumn, fairer and stronger than before, for the gold in my cellar is still safe.'

"From that time the dear girl no longer attempted to conceal her feelings; she was mine, or rather I was wholly hers. She closely watched my every look and word, and compelled me to give an account of every step I took. To this servitude I willingly yielded, for love forged my chains,—yet dared I not ask her father's consent to our union, as his deportment towards me had gradually assumed its former coldness and reserve."

"At length one Sunday morning he sent for me. The house was decorated as for a festival, the seats and benches had new coverings, all the old family plate glistened upon the sideboard, and the highly ornamented table was provided with salt, bread, and wine. My beloved was adorned as for some great occasion, and was so fair, so lovely, and yet so serious, that she

seemed almost like a stranger to me. With a frowning look and an unpleasant voice the old man said: 'I have more rubles than you have kopeks, and it is therefore a shame that I should be obliged to give my daughter to a man whose only claim is that he once drew her out of the water; nevertheless I do it. The girl is your future bride, you her betrothed husband.'

"How happy was I! I kissed the old man's hands, his beard; I clasped my bride to my heart. The neighbors and friends now entered from an adjoining room, with the village pastor at their head; together we kissed the image of the blessed Olga, and by that act were we betrothed. After receiving the presents and congratulations of our friends, we proceeded to the well-spread table, at the head of which the dear girl and myself were seated. The banquetting, at which we were present, but in which we took no part, lasted three days. It happened that I had at that time been drafted for service on the Caucassian lines, and it was decided that our marriage should take place immediately after my return.

"I parted from her with regret, but also with faith and confidence. She, however, wept much; and intimated her fear that as the Caucassian maidens were fairer than those of the Don, I should soon forget her. She, moreover, upbraided me as a disloyal betrayer, complaining that I had wept at the death of my horse, and yet had no tears for our separation. These reproaches, these complaints, but rendered her still more dear to me, as I attributed them to an excess of love. When I mounted my horse I left her apparently lifeless in the arms of her attendants. God heard my oath to preserve my love and truth without a blemish. By brother soldiers, who came after me to the camp, I often received intelligence and greetings from her.

"In one of her letters she related to me that, as she was sitting alone in her chamber one gloomy evening, thinking only of me, all the strings of my Valalaika suddenly burst asunder; from which she inferred that in the same hour I must have become faithless to her. At the time, however, on which the circumstance occurred, I was engaged in battle with the enemy and bleeding from many wounds. This mystical warning rendered me very uneasy; how strangely does the destiny of man unfold itself.

"A half year had flown, and winter came to interrupt military operations; besides which the Cossacks, who had been severely beaten, no longer ventured forth from their hiding-places. I received a furlough, and the next morning started for home in company with a comrade who had obtained leave to visit his



sick wife. On the last day but one of our homeward journey, our tired horses were unable to reach the usual place of shelter, and we were compelled to spend the night in the forest; the cold had become excessive; the forest, with its snow-laden trees, afforded but a poor defence against the piercing winds. Wrapping ourselves in our felt cloaks, we sought repose. But, notwithstanding our fatigue, sleep fled from our eyes; so near our homes, and yet so desolate; our reflections were serious and disturbing. My companion thought of his sick wife, I of my expectant bride. At last, just as we were about falling asleep, the sweet notes of pensive music fell upon our ears. We listened,—it was the mournful song of a nightingale, a nightingale in that miserable desert and in mid-winter!

“‘What is that?’ cried I. My companion, strangely agitated, answered: ‘That is the evil-boding songstress of the country, the Nightingale of Murom.’

“‘What can it presage for us?’ I continued.

“‘Crime, danger, death; let us pray for my poor wife, who may at this moment be dying; let us pray also for ourselves, that we may be delivered from the influence of the evil one.’

“While with heavy hearts we addressed our prayers to our heavenly protector, the nightingale’s song came louder and clearer, until it finally ended with a sharp heart-thrilling wail. A deep silence now prevailed; my companion stretched himself upon his rude couch, and drew forth his brandy flask.

“‘Drink not,’ I anxiously exclaimed; ‘the cold is very severe, and at this season it is dangerous to drink brandy at night.’

“With a significant look he answered: ‘Who can say that the present is not precisely the time for me to drink!’ He drained the flask to the last drop, and was soon asleep. He breathed hard, and, while I remained awake, seemed restless and distressed.

“When I awoke next morning, I was so chilled that I could scarcely use my limbs. The labored respiration of my comrade was no longer heard. At first I supposed he must have risen before me; but no, there he lay, wrapped in his cloak precisely as on the evening before. He was a frozen corpse—the effects of the brandy had incapacitated his system for resisting the severity of the season. The Nightingale of Murom instantly recurred to my mind, and a presentiment of approaching woe came over me.

“Anxious as I was to reach my native village, I could not leave my comrade’s remains unburied. A soldier’s grave is soon made. Excavating with my sabre a place in the snow, I laid him in his white bed, and covered it over with branches of pine. It was not until after the fulfilment of this sacred duty



that I discovered that our horses were missing—either the cold or the howling of the wild beasts had caused them to stray beyond the hearing of my call. There was no other course for me but to continue my journey on foot. The exertion restored warmth to my blood and renewed my energies; and the nearer I approached home, the more rapid was my pace.

“At length the sound of the church bell greeted my ear; how dear, how joyful were those familiar tones, which seemed to welcome me home. I entered the streets of the city; with the exception of a few old women, who stared at me as if I had been a ghost, they were empty. I might, indeed, have looked rather pale from exhaustion and the horrors I had so lately encountered, and therefore hastened through by-streets to the dwelling of my betrothed. I crossed, to me the sacred threshold; within, all appeared as if the day of my betrothed was not yet ended—nothing seemed to have been changed since my departure. The sacred images still glistened with ornaments of silver and gold, the rich covers were still upon the table, which was loaded with costly fruits and wines; wax candles were burning in the clear light of day, and the splendid marriage presents were still spread out for display in the adjoining room.

“But no one came to me; there was no living soul to welcome me home—every room was deserted—and with a sickening sensation I left the house. I observed that small branches of pine had been thickly strewn before the door and along the street; they indicated the path for me to follow, and that path led to the church. I was met midway by a bridal train, at the head of which my betrothed was walking with a stranger by her side. She turned deadly pale on seeing me, and, as at our parting, fell senseless into the arms of her attendants. Her old father rushed forward and dragged me with him to his dwelling, while I had barely sufficient consciousness to observe that the whole procession was thrown into confusion, and that the fainting girl was borne to the nearest house. I now stood alone with the father; and as I raised my eyes towards him to demand an explanation, I perceived for the first time that, during my short absence his hair had become white, his forehead was deeply wrinkled, and his strength was gone.

“‘Alexander,’ said he with indignant vehemence, ‘I am dishonored in my old age. My daughter, false to you, has wedded another; not a Cossack, not even a Russian, but one of those flattering dissemblers whose fathers desecrated our temples, whose insolence we have often chastised, whose blood has flowed, and whose bones have whitened upon our soil.’

“‘The Nightingale of Murom,’ I mentally exclaimed, turn-

ing to go ; but the old man held me back, and sought to console me. Alas, in such a moment no consolation could reach my soul ! Accidentally my glance wandered from the poor old man, and fell upon the Valalaika which hung neglected in a corner covered with dust. I took it down ; the strings were all broken, as my betrothed had informed me. ‘When happened this?’ I asked. ‘Hem!’ answered the old man ; ‘some weeks ago the Frenchman tried to play upon it, but not succeeding, he wantonly threw it upon the floor and mutilated it as you see. Oh woman’s truth!’

Excited by these little reminiscences, Alexander indignantly rent asunder the strings of his Valalaika, hurled it against the nearest tree, gathered up his crutches and disappeared.

“Unhappy man!” exclaimed Rosa with deep emotion ; “yes, the tale is too true, and I, alas ! am responsible for his sufferings.”

“You?” asked Maschinka with astonishment.

“I,” repeated Rosa ; “the faithless one of whom he spoke, was my sister.”

“Your sister?” exclaimed the assembled villagers.

Rosa continued : “She and I were the children of one father ; her mother was a Greek, mine a Russian. At the time the circumstances related by Alexander occurred, I was yet a child with my godmother.”

“Lived she happily?” asked Martha.

“Short was her delusion,” answered Rosa, “and long her repentance,—the friendly grave has received the criminal and veiled the crime.”

“God pardon the sinner!” exclaimed all, as, admonished by the lateness of the hour, they separated for their peaceful village homes.

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## REBECCA.

### I.

HER words were few, without pretence  
To tricks of courtly eloquence,  
But full of pure and simple thought,  
And with a guileless feeling fraught,  
And said in accents which conferr’d  
Poetic charm on household word.

## II.

She needed not to speak, to be  
 The best loved of the company—  
 She did her hands together press  
 With such a child-like gracefulness ;  
 And such a sweet tranquillity  
 Upon her silent lips did lie,  
 And such unsullied purity  
 In the blue heaven of her eye.

## III.

She moved among us like to one  
 Who had not lived on earth alone ;  
 But felt a dim, mysterious sense  
 Of a more stately residence,  
 And seemed to have a consciousness  
 Of an anterior happiness—  
 To hear at times the echoes sent  
 From some unearthly instrument  
 With half-remembered voices blent—  
 And yet to hold the friendships dear,  
 And prize the blessings of our sphere—  
 In sweet perplexity to know  
 Which of the two was dreamy show,  
 The dark green earth, the deep blue skies,  
 The love which shone in mortal eyes,  
 Or those faint recollections telling  
 Of a more bright and tranquil dwelling.

## IV.

We could not weep upon the day  
 When her pure spirit passed away ;  
 We thought we read the mystery  
 Which in her life there seem'd to be—  
 That she was not our own, but lent  
 To us a little while, and sent  
 An Angel-Child, what others preach  
 Of Heavenly purity, to teach  
 In ways more eloquent than speech—  
 And chiefly by that captured eye  
 Which seem'd to look beyond the sky,  
 And that abstraction listening  
 To hear the choir of seraphs sing.

## V.

We thought that death did seem to her  
 Of long-lost joy the harbinger—  
 Like an old household servant come  
 To take the willing scholar home ;  
 The school house, it was very dear,  
 But then the holy-days were near ;  
 And why should she be lingering here ?  
 Softly the servant bore the child  
 Who at her parting turned and smiled,  
 And looked back to us, till the night  
 Forever hid her from our sight.

THETA.

## THE COUNCIL OF TWELVE.

### CHAPTER FOURTH.

The meeting—The power of Love.

PSAMMETICHUS was punctual to the command of the princess, and at nightfall they met in the arbor. With surprise the young king listened to the sad tale of his betrothed. The conduct of Antyrus, the extent of which he had not learned until that hour astonished him beyond measure, and he stood before Sazede silent and thoughtful, meditating upon the method by which he should be governed in his difficult and delicate situation. The Nubian he cared not for, but Antyrus was the father of his beloved; and though common justice, for his treachery, demanded swift and severe retribution, yet he felt that his was not the hand that should inflict the blow. The princess expected he would be inflamed with passion at the recital of her wrongs, and vow, in the heat of his resentment, that the Nubian should expiate in death his dishonorable and infamous design. It had been her wish, from the time she was made acquainted with the intentions of Durendos, to excite Psammetichus against him. To accomplish this, she had studied in the solitude of her chamber, and laid thoughtfully upon her pillow at midnight; and such was the hatred she indulged for Durendos, that she cared not, nay she even hoped, that in the heat of an excited moment, Psammetichus, by some well-directed stroke would rid the world of his society, and deprive his selfish soul of the companionship of the gods for ever; but her father—how could she concentrate the vengeance of her lover without injury to him who was so deeply involved in offence? These considerations had occupied the meditative moments of the princess; and when she fancied her plans had ripened for action, and had sent for the man she loved to aid in their execution, and see him stand seemingly unmoved in her presence, her disappointment was insupportable; and wringing her hands as if in indescribable agony of spirit, she cried out, "Oh that I should have lived to be thus made the sport of fortune, and without one friend to stand forth manfully in my behalf! Oh that for woman's sake, but for a little time I could possess the



strength of man with woman's spirit, how would I put to shame the hesitating champion in a cause like mine?"

The bold speech of the princess was seconded by the exhibition of her shining dagger; with her finger on its point, she told her lover that there was her last, but sorrowful hope. The powerful appeal of wounded and devoted love overcame the sober philosophy of Psammetichus; and he, who might have stood unmoved amid the political clamors of a national council, and watch with coolness and deliberation the movements of a rival he despised, was wrought up to the most fevered excitement by its mighty influence. It was then that his firm vow was uttered; then before Egyptia's gods he swore for full revenge. "Revenge!" exclaimed Sazede, "now doth Psammetichus speak like a king; revenge belongeth to the great, but reek it not upon my father. Spare his hoary hairs, and deal not rashly with his honored person. Seek the Nubian, and tell him that unending fires, gathered from the wrath of the gods, shall consume his guilt-stained soul forever; and tell him that he may not win Sazede's love, that hers is as different from the love of other, changing women, as the fast hills of Egypt from the flying sands of Nubia."

Psammetichus had been remarkable, through the whole course of his life, for his even temperament, and calm deliberative action even under the most provoking circumstances. During the turmoils and dissensions which agitated the country after the death of Tharaca he was often assaulted by the bitter malignancy of such as were opposed to him in reference to the government; and, young as he was, he possessed fortitude sufficient to enable him to bear with patience their reproachful opposition, until his triumph was completely secured in the success of measures instituted by himself; and had his own private interest and his authority over his little kingdom been all that were concerned, he would doubtless still have preserved his evenness of character; but how could he look with composure upon the sorrowful countenance of his beloved and beautiful princess? Could he witness her flowing tears, and listen to her affectionate entreaties, and not swear eternal hatred to the author of her distress? It is no matter of astonishment that, for the first time in his life, he should be overwhelmed with passion. Such changes does love make in the feelings and actions of men, that not unfrequently the clamorous and revengeful are converted into the peaceful and submissive, and the patient and enduring into the lion-like and furious. Loudly and vehemently did Psammetichus rail against the unmanly impudence of Durendos, and remembering himself, in a softer tone for fear of giving offence where he intended to console, he

spoke of the faithlessness of Antyrus, and the unwarranted deception he had practised upon him. His only aim, now, appeared to be revenge ; and this he declared solemnly to obtain if it were within the power of man.

Sazede saw her object accomplished in the resentment of her lover. Her highest hope was to arouse his wrath, that he might be induced, effectually and for ever, to put aside his detested rival. When she saw him elevate his arms, and swear to be fully and entirely satisfied for the wrongs they both had suffered, a pleasant smile came over her countenance ; and pushing Psammetichus tenderly from the arbor, she said, " 'Tis later than I would be away from my chamber ; go now, and the guardian of our loves go with thee."

The next day Psammetichus searched in vain for the cunning Nubian, who seemed to be aware that mischief was intended ; and though he hunted in all the public places in the city, and through the chambers he occupied in the palace, yet he found him not ; so successful was he in evading an encounter with the man he had injured and hated without cause. While he was yet on his errand of inquiry, Psammetichus chanced to meet Antyrus, who affected to be greatly pleased at the interview ; and with a forced smile, which is the sure evidence of hypocrisy, he expressed his desire that he and Durendos should become personal friends. " Friends," said Psammetichus, smiling contemptuously ; " and does Antyrus require that I should be friendly with the base and cowardly wretch who would be the destroyer of the peace and happiness of those he has been pledged to love ?"

Without attempting a defence, but sneeringly assuming the tone of voice in which Psammetichus had spoken, Antyrus said, " And does my reprover remember, that on to-morrow the kings must meet in the temple to present their yearly libations to Vulcan, and that it ill becomes him to be in a rage about a trifling matter on the eve of such a day ?"

This important information, for which Psammetichus was entirely unprepared, so surprised and confounded him, that he was unable to offer any reply, and he stood mute and awed before the mocking king. He had been so much occupied in arranging some regulations connected with his government, which, together with troubles of mind on account of the princess, had so absorbed his thoughts, that he seemed to have forgotten every thing beside ; and had he not thus accidentally met the man whom above all others he cared not to see, it might not have occurred to him in time to have made the requisite preparations. After the lapse of a few moments, he recovered from the absence into which the sudden interrogatory of Antyrus had thrown

him, and, without deigning to give further attention to the perfidious king, he turned abruptly away, and left him standing alone in the street. Hastening to his apartment, with distracted feelings he began his arrangements for one of the most distinguished and necessary rites that had ever engaged the services of the Egyptians.

## CHAPTER FIFTH.

The libations—The brazen bowl—Success of treachery—Banishment of Psammetichus.

IN the morning, the kings assembled in the temple of Vulcan, each clad, as was the custom, in his full suit of armor as though they were about to proceed to battle. The hour having arrived, the priest brought in the golden bowls, which the kings seized upon with eagerness, every one anxious to obtain some especial favor by appearing desirous to be foremost in presenting his oblations. The signal was given, and the ceremony commenced. Psammetichus, absorbed in meditation upon the subject nearest and dearest to his heart, was inattentive to the summons, and when the noise of the ceremony which was then performing, recalled his wandering senses, he discovered that there was no bowl left for him, and snatching his helmet from his head, he filled, and poured forth his libation. The ceremony being over, the eleven, with consternation and dismay, beheld the helmet still in the grasp of Psammetichus; and as if simultaneously remembering the prediction of the oracle, recognized in it the brazen bowl that had given them so much uneasiness. As if moved by a single impulse, they clashed their golden vessels at the feet of the proud statue before them, and shattered them to pieces. "Seize the traitor," said one, "and let his blood be offered as on expiatory oblation for his offence."

"Seize him," responded Antyrus, "and his death shall free the eleven from the guilt of his impious deed."

A confusion ensued, in which the priest found it his duty to interfere; and though he feared his omission to procure the twelve bowls might be construed into the charge of a conspiracy with Psammetichus, and cost him his reputation or his life, yet he boldly stepped forward, and in the name and authority of his office, commanded them to cease their outcries in that sacred place, and leave the temple unpolluted by their contentions. He magnanimously acknowledged the offence as his own, and proclaimed the protection of Vulcan for the body of Psammetichus, declaring that they durst not lay hands upon him while under covert of the holy altar. Psammetichus made acknowledge-



ments for the favor of the priest, and bade the kings entertain no uneasiness in regard to his person ; for he would leave the temple, and go with them to their chamber of state, where they might have him arrested and tried under any regulation they might be pleased to institute ; he was conscious that his innocence would secure him from the displeasure of the god, even though he should be forced into punishment by his fellow kings, whom he had never thought of supplanting in their authority. Satisfied with the proposal, the twelve left the temple ; and scarcely had they passed the sacred enclosure, when the enemies of Psammetichus ordered him to be seized and conveyed as a prisoner to their council hall in the labyrinth, where, without so much as the formality of an investigation, he was doomed to the punishment of death before sunset the next day ; respect for their oblations and the god induced them, though reluctantly, to prolong the execution.

Antyrus heard the decision with joy ; he now saw in prospect the great obstacle to his ambition removed, and the path to splendid distinction unencumbered ; and hastened to communicate the intelligence to Durendos. Over-anxious in his haste, he had scarcely reached his chamber when he cried out, "The gods have been propitious, prince ; this day they have done for us what legions of armed soldiers could not have accomplished. Psammetichus dies before the sunset of to-morrow. The decree of the kings has gone forth, and the first notice Sazede shall obtain of the fortunate proceedings of the temple and the council, will be when the dead body of our foe shall be conveyed from the city ; for he dare not be placed in the labyrinth among honorable kings. My daughter will despise the memory of a traitor-king, and seek happiness in thy friendship. What fortune is ours, my good Durendos ?"

"Fortune, sayst thou," cried the prince in ecstasy,— "the brave are always fortunate ; but tell me by what sudden and unlooked-for intervention this was brought about."

While Antyrus was detailing to his friend the events of the day, the maid that Sazede had slighted in the garden for breaking her armlet, who happened to be in the gallery when he commenced the conversation, and overheard what he had said in relation to Psammetichus, hastened to her princess and related the distressing news. Sazede swooned not, nor did she scream in terror, but maintained her presence of mind ; and immediately, as if by intuition, decided upon the efforts she should make to prevent the execution of the council's decree. She arrayed herself in all magnificence, and proceeded to her father's private audience chamber, to which, she knew, he would presently repair. On this, as on former occasions, she determined to bring to view



her dagger, which, she was convinced, could not fail to speak, as it had done before, with successful eloquence. She had not remained long in the chamber when Antyrus entered ; with indescribable astonishment he beheld her, arrayed in her rich attire, and sporting in apparent good humor with the point of her instrument of death. Approaching with cautious steps, he asked, "What does Sazede here, habited thus strangely?"

"Sazede," she replied in a firm tone, "has come to hold a last communion with her father before she leaves him forever. Obis, the god to whose protection my mother consigned me in infancy, has informed me in a mysterious manner of the fate of Psammetichus, and in the same hour we both enter the dark and dismal shades of death."

"Obis, Sazede ! didst say the god informed thee?"

"Aye, my father ; and the signal for his death shall be the signal too for mine."

"Hath thy reason left thee, child, that thou dost talk thus wildly ? Away thy trifling, and be obedient as thou hast ever been."

"I will obey the even unto death, and in any thing save thy command that I must be the bride of the weak prince."

"Foolish girl, to waste thy words thus idly ! Get thee hence, and in thy jewelled robes prepare to wed the Nubian."

"Rather may my own hand sever the channel of life, and let the purple fluid ooze out drop by drop, than that such a thing may be."

"And dost thou disobeying, promise to obey ? Surely thou art beside thyself, Sazede. Who is this Psammetichus, that thou shouldst cling to him so fondly ? To-morrow his carcase shall be given to the wolves ; and will thou love him then ?"

"Will I not ? Ah ! will I not love him dead, more fondly than I love the living that he shall leave behind him ?"

"More fondly than thy father, who hath protected thee from childhood ?"

"Than all the living, have I said ; and thus do I give proof that my words are true. The bond is broken, and thus am I released."

As she spoke, she tore the jewels and embroidery from her bosom, and stamped them beneath her feet, and raising her right arm which grasped the dagger, she motioned as though she would plunge it in her heart. Antyrus sprung towards her, and caught her hand in time to prevent the fatal stroke. The feelings of a father then subdued for the time his ambitious nature, and, seating himself by her side, he brushed the tears from her cheeks, and asked affectionately, "What does Sazede demand ? Tell it me, my daughter ; and if within thy father's power, it shall

be granted ; tell it quickly, and as I live thy will shall be a pleasure to me."

"Now dost thou speak like the friend of my early years, and I will not ask too much. Change, if possible, the sentence of Psammetichus from instant death to perpetual banishment, and I promise to be satisfied."

"If my influence can prevail, it shall be done, and then Sazede, thou wilt wed the Nubian and be happy."

The king hurried from the presence of his daughter to perform the pledge he had made ; and she, that no effort might be left untried, threw off her splendid dress, and snatching up some loose robe, threw it around her person in a confused manner for the purpose of exhibiting the deepest distress ; she ran through the city, entering the houses of the most influential citizens, deploring the decree, and entreating them to intercede in behalf of the regal prisoner. She knew the love the people bore Psammetichus was great, and that an inflamed populace could do almost every thing with their rulers. The expression of their will she knew would be effectual ; and to obtain that expression, she would have measured upon her knees every inch of the territory of Arsinoe. The city was soon in an uproar ; and so great was the tumult, that the kings became fearful for their own safety ; and as one suggested the probability that their own resolve, if adhered to, might produce a speedy fulfilment of the prediction, they gladly agreed that exile should be the fate of the offender. To the wildest and most distant part of the kingdom, therefore, they directed he should be banished.

Antyrus and his Nubian guest exulted in the fall of the unfortunate king, and but a few weeks elapsed when the princess received the positive command of her father to prepare for the marriage. The day was appointed, and preparations commenced for the celebration of the nuptials. In the fulness of his joy, Durendos despatched couriers to his family and friends, giving them notice of his success, and boasting of his entire triumph over every opposing circumstance. He directed them to make ready for the reception of his bride, and pledged them the sight of the fairest and most beautiful creature in the world.

The princess murmured not, and her silence was regarded as free and satisfactory consent. Presents of gold and jewels were offered in abundance by Durendos, her father, and other friends, which she accepted, smiling complacently on the donors, and evincing the most exceeding cheerfulness and gratification. Time passed merrily on, and the marriage-day was ushered in with rejoicings, such as were seldom known in Arsinoe.

## CHAPTER SIXTH.

The assembled Guests.—Disappointment.—Elopement of the Princess.—The Brazen Warrior.—The Return.—The Council of Twelve.

THE kings and nobility of Egypt were congregated in the palace of Antyrus; the populace in crowds gathered about the gates to witness as much as they could of the ceremony, and receive presents from the wealthy and proud. Durendos and his company were revelling in delirious joy in the grand saloon, where every luxury that could minister to voluptuous pleasure was profusely arrayed. The hour was at length announced when the princess was to have been brought forth, arrayed in her bridal robes and glittering in splendor. The prince, heated with wine, and imagining himself the greatest man upon earth, became eloquent in speech: rising before his guests, he exclaimed, "Bring forth the star of our rejoicing—the bright star that ere long shall glitter in a Nubian sky; bring her forth, and let her once more dazzle before the Egyptian eyes, that in the darkness of her absence they may know how greatly the brightness of her beams is to be prized."

The ladies of the bride, in compliance with the order of her intended lord, went up to her chamber to bring her forth, while the anxious crowds, with palpitating hearts, waited her approach. Interest had reached its acme of excitement; every sound made the expectants startle. Fancy had pictured to each mind the thrilling scene, and often in their thoughts had the princess appeared before them in all the gorgeousness of dress in which they expected she would appear. The door at last whirled rapidly upon its hinges, and in place of the resplendent princess, in rushed her ladies, followed by the maids of the palace, with robes flying loosely about them, and hair dishevelled, wringing their hands, and shrieking in the agony of despair.

"My princess!" cried Durendos, partaking of the terror of the ladies.

"The princess, the princess!" was responded by a hundred voices.

"My daughter!" exclaimed Antyrus, "my beloved Sazede, how have I wronged and ruined her? I have foolishly and obstinately persisted in the designs dictated by ambition, until I have forced her to become her own destroyer. Of what avail will be my crown, my kingdom, and my palace, when she is not with me to share the pleasure they afford? Alas, Sazede, that such should have been thy fate."

When the consternation had in a measure subsided, one and

another asked, "Where is the princess? Is she dead, or has some dreadful accident befallen her?"

"We know not," answered the ladies; "her chambers are glowing in gold and beauty, but she is not there, nor is she to be found in any part of the palace or the garden."

The greatest confusion followed this announcement. Persons within the palace were seen by those without, running to and fro in apparent distress; the populace caught the news, which soon spread, and Arsinoe presented one continued scene of bustle and concern.

Search was made to no purpose. The princess had taken effectual measures to elude the vigilance of friends and foes. The day before she was to have been made the victim bride, she collected all her rich dresses, and arranged her gold and jewels, and with her favorite maid, left the home of her childhood, as she supposed, forever. Disguised in humble dress, she became a wanderer in search of her exiled king, whom she determined to find or wear out life in the effort. Her first care, after she left the palace, was to consult the Oracle; from which she learned that brazen men would come to the assistance of the banished, and that he would reign over all Egypt.

Antyrus despatched messengers in small parties in different directions in search of his daughter; and Durendos, after he had recovered a little from his severe disappointment, vowed not to rest, day nor night, until he had recovered his lost prize. He was particularly careful to have all persons journeying towards Nubia cautioned not to say any thing of the elopement of his intended bride, lest his own people should hear of his misfortune, and speak in ridicule of his much boasted achievements.

Sazede travelled the fertile vallies and flowery hills of Egypt, and in every populous town she failed not to tell the story of her wrongs. In this way she made many friends to her cause, and obtained assistance in travelling which facilitated her movements. One morning she arose earlier than usual, and with her attendant strolled out to witness the sunrise over the waters of the Nile. It was near the widening of one of the estuaries of that mighty river into the sea, and the sun, when he arose, seemingly from the waves, illuming them for miles with the brightness of his beams, presented a spectacle of indescribable grandeur. Scarcely had she reached the shore, when she was attracted by the approach of a number of vessels, from which landed a vast body of men. Drawing near, she discovered that they were soldiers, clad in brass armor; and her heart leaped for joy at the prospect of the fulfilment of the words of the Oracle, for she readily concluded that these were the brazen men of which it had spoken. Seeking the chief of the war-



rriors, she related what had befallen the kingdom, and the part she had been compelled to act.

"We come," said the chief, "not to make war upon the kings, or inhabitants of this country; we be Greeks, Careans, and Ionians, and are indebted to the storms which agitate the sea for our being here; nevertheless, fair traveller, as we are at leisure now, if thou wilt conduct us to the king of whom thou speakest, who has been so seriously injured, if he be indeed a brave king we will raise his standard and fight his battles."

The princess, overjoyed at her success, gave out the name of Psammetichus, which she had before concealed, that her pursuers might not trace her course. The deed of the kings at Arsinoe was soon upon the winds, and, accompanied by the words of the Oracle, produced wonderful effect upon the inhabitants of the obscure districts of Egypt, who were not backward in believing themselves bound to use all their energies to restore the banished king to his people and his government. The messengers of Antyrus, being badly received in almost every town they entered, soon gave up the enterprize as fruitless, and returned to their homes.

Psammetichus was soon discovered. His meeting with the princess, who had undergone so many privations for his sake, brought tears from the eyes of every beholder, even to the sunburnt soldiers who stood by, eager to engage in the cause of injured beauty. At the head of his brazen warriors, the exile started on his march for the capital. Pursuing the course taken by Sazede, in every place where she had rehearsed the treatment they had received from the kings, multitudes united with the army, which continued to increase every day, and was cheered and encouraged by the people. Psammetichus hastened with the utmost expedition to Arsinoe, where he arrived at midnight; and by the way of lake Mœris and the canal, which was dug under his own directions, he entered the labyrinth, of which he took immediate possession, and made captives of the eleven kings, together with the insulting Nubian, who had been the cause of his sufferings and his success. Durendos had just returned from his search after the princess, and was preparing to renew it with greater vigor than he had used before.

Master of the labyrinth and treasures of the capital, Psammetichus was soon acknowledged by the inhabitants of Egypt as their sovereign, and commenced his reign under the most favorable auspices. He immediately had the Oracle consulted in reference to the manner in which he should dispose of his royal prisoners, and received the following mysterious reply:

*"Fate for fate. The exile reigns so long as the tongue-*

*less council of twelve shall remain in session in the subterraneous chambers of the labyrinth."*

The king was swift in his decision. In order to preserve the perpetual session, he commanded that a platform of stone should be erected in the deepest and darkest department of the labyrinth; upon this was fixed a table of solid brass, around which were stationed, at regular distances, twelve stools of the same metal; upon the stools he seated the twelve offenders, and after cutting out their tongues, rivetted their feet to the platform and their hands to the table with iron spikes. That their place of concealment might not be discovered, and the succession of his family endangered, Psammetichus had the workmen, who were all Nubians, slain as soon as the tragic work was done. Treachery, that principle upon which kings are too often governed, in after years interrupted the succession, by revealing the history of the skeleton council.

King Psammetichus, with his beloved queen Sazede, reigned many years over Egypt, though not in peace. But the only circumstance that in any wise marred their domestic happiness, was that the queen's father was compelled to be a member of the COUNCIL OF TWELVE.

J. N. M.

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#### THE HOUR OF HOPE.

'Tis rapture's hour—warm tears are wildly gushing  
From the full heart, which dreams of hope again,  
Like mountain torrents from their fastness rushing  
When young Spring's glow hath touched their icy chain.

What splendid hues! what lovely tints are gleaming  
Through the dark mists that round the future shroud!  
A ray of heaven in every beauty beaming,  
Like sunny Iris on a dewy cloud!

Yet may those tears, like waters to the ocean,  
Flow on, and leave their burning channels dry,  
And ne'er again the heart with fond emotion,  
Throb as when hope's delusive smile was nigh.

And every meteor light so brightly blazing,  
May change to gloom and mock the failing eye,  
As fades the rainbow while we still are gazing,  
And darker leaves the summer evening sky!

## AN ESSAY ON CANES.

BY J. H. INGRAHAM, ESQ.

### PART I.

*Leonardi.* Wilt go up Vesuvius, my lord duke?

*Duke of F.* What's ho, Leonardi? [*starting from his couch.*]

*Leonardi.* The countess Cervi with her Florentines—

The noble ladies that came up from Rome,  
And the gentlemen that do attend them,  
Are all afoot with expectation;  
And Greitz, the trav'ler, as I hither came,  
Bade me, with ill-suppressed impatience, say  
They wait for thee.

*Duke of F.* Get thee gone, Leonardi! I must sleep.

*Leonardi.* 'The sun hath climb'd the mountain's side, and now  
Rides high above the headmost pinnacle.

*Duke of F.* Let him get down and walk, an he will, so  
He let me lie and sleep.

*Leonardi.* Compass not Vesuvius, noble sir—  
A feat that trav'lers most do covet,  
And achieving, boast of through a life after—  
And men will cry out 'shame' when we return  
To Florence.

*Duke of F.* Leonardi!

*Leonardi.* My lord Duke.

*Duke of F.* My staff.

*Leonardi.* 'Tis here, my lord.

*Duke of F.* I cut it from Leb'non in th' Holy Land—  
He who hath gone up Lebanon need not  
To climb Vesuvius—Take it! 'T has been  
My comrade, friend, and fellow-traveller  
Full thirty years. My long, close grasp  
Has warm'd life into 't, till it has ta'en  
My nature, and of myself become a part—  
A new limb, a leg, an arm additional  
With fellow-feeling animate throughout.  
Bear it to the mountain's topmost peak!  
When thou com'st down bring 't to me again  
And I shall have gone up Vesuvius.

[Frag. unwritten MS.]

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Canes timidi vehementissime latrant.

[Lat: Dis: Sic:]

Canes make the timid dogs to bark vehemently.

[Translation.]

THE origin of canes is of very remote antiquity. The earliest mention of them is in the thirty-eighth chapter of Genesis, where it is recorded that Judah gave his "*staff*, signet, and bracelets," in pledge for the payment of a kid he had pro-

mised to Tamar, his daughter-in-law. Certain antiquaries there are, however, that contend it has a still earlier origin. Such assert, on the doubtful authority of some unauthenticated Jewish pandects, that Cain slew his brother with his staff, which, for protection against wild beasts, was doubtless say they, a much heavier and more warlike weapon than the modern walking-stick, and therefore easily convertible into an instrument of death. This assertion is without a shadow of proof, and they who have advanced it omit the very first step to the substantiality of their theory, by neglecting to prove in the premises that Cain carried a staff at all. If, in reply, they refer us, as their authority, to the picture-books, where he is always represented with a club or staff, we have only to say that the picture-makers ought to know; but until they can satisfy us by pointing to creditable authorities, we shall remain in our present opinion. On the authority of a well-known passage in Horne Tooke, wherein he has satisfactorily as well as ingeniously proven the English tongue to have been antecedent to all other languages, and the identical speech spoken by Adam and Eve in Eden, these unreasonable antiquarians asseverate that the name "Cain" was given to the fratricide from the fact of his having *caned* Abel to death; and they reconcile the variation in the orthography of the word on the plea that at that rude age of the world there existed neither district-schools nor dictionaries, whereby the just method of spelling words might be learned and preserved.

Without entering into the discussion of the mooted question whether *Cain* be derived from 'cane' or *cane* from 'Cain,' we will only say, in reference to it, that in our opinion, in which we are sustained by many German, Jewish, and Arabian antiquaries, neither is correct. The learned Belibus, Dioces the Arabian scholar, Hosea Meles the erudite Jew, besides Fra. Quirinus the Latin scribe, are of opinion, with which our own accords, that cane is plainly an *anglicism* of the Latin word *CANIS*, *a dog*: that this is the true and original derivation of the word, we shall proceed to show.

It is well known to classical readers, that from the time, of Romulus and Remus, dogs in great numbers have infested the streets of Roman or Italian cities: *vide*, in attestation of this, T. Pomp. Atticus; the epistles of Democritus the Greek; the letters of Cadmus; and Annibal's commentaries on the battle of Apulia, wherein he asserts, that from the adjacent village of Cannæ, so called from the multitude of its dogs (*canes*) there did issue after the battle from the gates of the town, thirty thousand of these animals, which, being attracted hither by the dead, did cover with their vast numbers all the plain, and appal the very gods with their howls.



This being the condition of things in an obscure Roman town, how great must have been the multitude of these brutes in Rome itself! That their number was so large as to defy census, and remain altogether unknown, may be gathered from Cæsar in his letter to Tullus Brutus, informing him of the death of his sister Appicia by hydrophobia, and also, by inference, from the third oration of Cicero against Cataline: further, Junius Brutus is recorded by C. Lælius to have been pursued on horseback by a pack of hungry dogs from the quarter of the Jews to Mons Palatine, and barely escaped with life by seeking shelter in the temple of the Muses. Such being the danger in the streets of Rome, it became customary for pedestrians to go provided with stout birchen cudgels, armed at one extremity with a short, sharp pike, for the purpose of defending themselves against these demi-savage animals.\* This cudgel, by a natural substitution of cause for effect, was called *CANI*, the dative singular for *canis*, which means literally, ‘for a dog;’ a more significant and befitting term than which could not have been chosen. The plural of *canis* is *canes*, and this is the precise appellation by which they are now known. We hold this to be the only and true origin both of the cane and its name—the ‘staff’ of the Old Testament, which certain visionary antiquaries would make us believe the primitive cane, with their jargon about Cain and Abel, being unworthy of notice; inasmuch, as it is plain to every one at all conversant with the subject, that it was neither more nor less than a shepherd’s crook, or, at the best, a knotted club carried across the shoulder.

The introduction of the *cani* into Rome, we learn from Nævius Metellus, was in the year 67 B. C. Within the two weeks immediately preceding the ides of August the same year, we are told by the same author, no less than eighty thousand dogs were killed with this instrument alone, besides nine thousand supposed to have been torn in pieces by their species in fighting over the carcasses of the slain. But a sweeping pestilence succeeding this exposure of so vast a quantity of animal matter to the sun of the dog-days, and, on account of the alarming increase of murders among the common people with this weapon, with which all men went armed and readily used in the slightest quarrel, the emperor was forced to promulge an edict prohibiting any one beneath the patrician rank from carrying the *cani*.† This imperial edict at once made it a privileged thing, and forthwith it

\* That triumph of modern jurisprudence, the “Dog Law,” was unknown to ancient Rome.

† In lieu of the *cani*, Scipio the Blind tells us how it was promulgated by Julius Cæsar, that, whosoever could prove that he had thrown into the Tiber a pup under eight days old, should receive one twentieth of a silver sesterce.

was taken into high favor by the aristocracy of Rome. Within a few days subsequently, the Tiber was choked with drowned puppies; and the theatres, baths, and forum were thronged with young nobles, each ostentatiously armed with the privileged *cani*.

In the hands of the patricians, it, for a while, retained its original shape—a round staff, three feet in length, terminating in a sharp tri-edged pike. But the taste of individuals soon made important innovations on the usual form. The first change was suggested by a wreath of flowers that Hortensia, the beautiful daughter of the distinguished orator Hortensius, entwined around the *cani* of her lover, Julius Curtius, the handsomest gallant in Rome, for protecting her with it from a pack of ferocious dogs while she was returning along the Appian way from her villa to the city. Julius made his appearance in the baths with it thus adorned, and the following day the enwreathed *cani* was adopted by all the exquisites of Rome. In a few days, natural, gave way to artificial, flowers, and these to wreaths of sprigs of diamonds and precious stones; “so that,” observes M. Cellius, “the canes of the patricians were more valuable than their estates, which they impoverished to adorn them.” This fashion of the wreathed *cani* continued until L. Octavius, nephew of the emperor, openly appeared in the forum with a cane in the form of an elegantly twisted serpent, enamelled with green and gold, and having two large diamonds glittering in its head for eyes. This idea was doubtless taken from the ‘Hortensian garland’ as the wreath was termed, which in a few days, with its straight staff, gave place to the Octavian serpent. This, in its turn was displaced by some tasteful innovator, who came out with a straight, highly burnished ebony stick without a pike, but containing in the handle a short dagger, and with a gold head, in which was exquisitely set the miniature of his mistress. The novelty of the idea at once commended it to the gallants of the day, and it was universally received into favor. This was succeeded by other fashions, each still more unique and elegant than its predecessor; till, observes Cellius, to such a pitch did this canine\* madness reach, that half Rome thought and dreamt of nothing besides the shape and fashion of the *cani*. The custom extended to the ladies, who carried with them, on all occasions, costly and elegant baubles of this kind, made of pearl, ivory, and even gold and silver rods, with which, when in angry mood, they struck their slaves, and peradventure, also, their lovers.

At first, the cane was worn beneath the left arm, the orna-

\* One of the few Latin puns that can successfully be rendered into the English tongue.

mental head protruding from the folds of the toga: but when Julius Curtius made his appearance openly with his garlanded staff, to avoid crushing the flowers he ostentatiously but gracefully displayed it in his right hand. After this, canes got to be universally carried in this manner.

From Rome, the cane was introduced into Britain somewhere about the time of the division of the empire, or early in the fifth century; and until, and for several years after, the Conquest, it retained its exclusive patrician rank. But the Roman laws, limiting its use to the nobles, not affecting England, it got at length to be adopted here by all classes. In the hands of the populace, however, it went through many modifications, till finally it lost its original form and character, and became fairly fixed in the plebeian shape of the "quarter-staff," the boasted weapon of English yeomanry, and, as at first in Rome, was carried beneath the arm. Cavaliers, who had laid aside the cane when it came into popular use, seeing that, in its various modifications, it retained in the hands of the common people no part of its original shape or purpose, chose to recognise no resemblance to it in the quarter-staff, and once more resumed it in its primitive elegance. It soon became an indispensable article of luxury and ornament; and we are told by Philip Balfour that the gallants of Henry the Third's court vied with each other "in ye fantastick shaipe, beautie, and costlinesse of their caines, whilk dyd haue wounde about ye haundes thereof braides of sylken and goolde corde, withe twain tassells appended thereunto." From a tract written in the third year of the reign of the first Edward by a Franciscan monk, we learn, that besides the tassels, which are worn similarly about modern canes, some of the gayer nobles had little bells attached to them: "Wherefore," reads the tract, "ye Kinge his excellente royall majestie dyd pass a statute forbydinge all knyghtes under ye estate of a lorde, esquier, or gentylmanne, from wearying lytell belles of golde or sylvere, or other metalls, on theyr caynes, under ye forfeiture of fyftie pence." According to a manuscript written a few years later, we find that canes were constructed with lutes, shepherds' pipes, and "an instrumente of manye keyes, cunnynghie devysed, on whilk, bye breathyinge thereon, these gallantes dyscoursed ryghte pleasaunte musyke to fayre ladyes underneathe their balconie."

The original intention of the cane no longer existed; for, in London, dogs were comparatively few in number, and these less ferocious, and better provided with food, than their species in Italian cities: the pike, therefore, fell into disuse, and its place was supplied by the ferrule in its present form. Besides this, there are two additional reasons for their abandonment,

given by historians of the period. The venerable Gregory, in his *Memoirs of the Confessor*, says, somewhat obscurely however, that in "Hys daie gentles dyd carrye a pyke fyve ynches yn lengthe, verie sharpe, and oftyn fonghte ye duello therewyth yn cyvick broyls; wherefore, dyd Kyngedouard ye Fyrste comande that they delyver them to hys royall armourer, who dyd breake therefrom three ynches, leavyng yt pointlesse; and bye statute ye Kyngedouard forbyde such to ben usen more wythin ye walles of Londonne."

Duncan Grime, who is nearly cotemporary with Gregory, says, that by an edict of the last year of Henry III. "alle knyghtes and noblesse," were forbidden to wear any "stycke, staffe or caine, or anny kynde of wepon save their goode swoorde, mace of stele, or other knyghtlie armes, yn as moche yt ys unsemelie in knyghtes to goe swyngeying toe and froe a tynklynge baubell yn their fyngeres."

In an ancient poem still extant, written by a certain John Loufkin entitled "Ye Dedes of ye Lord Rychard of Potrelles," who lived in the reign of Edward III., we find that the pike was not only restored to the cane, but this lengthened to five feet, and in this form resembling a light spear, was frequently used in tournaments, and sometimes even in battle. John Loufkin has given at some length an account of jousts held near Salisbury, where the combatants were armed alone with the "spere-caine."

"The partyes were sonder set,  
Togyder they ranne without let.  
Lorde Rychard gan hym dysguise  
In a ful strange queyntyse.  
He bare a schafte that was grete and stronge,  
It was ful five footen longe,  
And it was bothe grete and stout,  
Four and a halfen ynches about.  
Of oaken wood it was, and cole blacke,  
Of sylver bells yt had no lacke.  
From the valaye he forthe strode,  
And in the lists ful bravely stode.  
The Kyngedouard cam out of a valaye,  
For to see of their playe—  
A goode knyghte he was of valour and main,  
And well dyght in ye spere-caine,  
And hymself toke a caine grete and stronge,  
That was hevy and longe,  
With whilk, yf he stroke a man's gorgere,  
Hym repented that he cam there."

After telling us that these jousts were fought on foot and without mail, and that the "atyre" of the combatants was "orgulous, and altogedyr cole black," the poem says:

"The trumpettes began for to blowe:  
Lord Rychard then did runne for to mette



And ful egyrly hys foe hym grette,  
 Wyth a dente on the forehede delde  
 He bare hym down in the felde,  
 And the youth fell to the grounde,  
 Ful nigh ded in that stound.  
 The next that he met thare  
 A grete stroke he hym bare,  
 Thrust his gorgette with his caine thro';  
 Hys necke he brake there atwo.  
 The kynge behelde this from hys stede,  
 And was grieved for that the man was dede,  
 And swore on his sworde good blood again  
 Sholde not be shede wyth a spere-caine."

On account of the fatal termination of this joust, King Edward confirmed the oath he had made in the lists, and passed a law prohibiting the "spere-caine, mace-caine, pyke-caine, or any manere of caine whatsoever;" declaring it henceforward an "unknyghtlie appendance."

In the subsequent reign during the crusades, the cane was revived among knights in undress, by one John Lord Montacute, who, being wounded in an assault of Jerusalem, and his sword being broken off, sustained himself back to his tent by a branch plucked from a tree on the Mount of Olives; which branch, on account of its sacredness, his pious armorer subsequently adorned with "fine stele, golde, and precious stones sette aboute ye handle," which was cut in the form of a cross. On his recovery, the knight continued to retain this cane, and bear it, when not in battle. From what can be learned of him, at this period he was a gay and youthful cavalier, of great personal accomplishments; and forthwith, his example was followed by both French and English knights, who, emulous to combine piety with fashion, had well nigh stripped the groves about Jerusalem of every branch, ere the commanders of the Christian hosts interposed to save the hallowed trees. The knights, on their return to Europe, brought with them their sacred staffs, and until the close of the crusades the cane was once more in vogue in all the European cities.

At first it was confined exclusively to such as had done pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and made only of wood that grew in Palestine; so that, like the scallop-shell, it was recognized as an authentic badge of pilgrimage. By and by, however, impostors assumed the badge, and substituted ordinary wood from unhallowed soil, and the cane lost much of its sacred character: but what it parted with in sanctity, it gained in elegance. At the close of the last crusade, it was worn by all of gentle birth; and for many years run a brilliant career, exhausting, in the invention of its myriad forms, the purses and tastes of its votaries. At the close of the seventeenth century it got to be worn by

school-boys almost exclusively, and finally became a portion of the necessary wardrobe of the London chimney-sweep. When boys began to wear them, gentlemen gradually laid them aside and substituted the small sword. This was originally worn suspended from a belt at the left side ; but it soon got to be the fashion to carry it without sash or belt beneath the arm : a few years later it was used sheathed, exclusively as a walking-stick. With trifling modifications it continued in vogue till near the close of the last century, when it again became the fashion to wear it at the side : the neglected cane, in the meanwhile, after being cast off by the sweeps, adopted by the students of Oxford and Cambridge, and by them resigned to the apprentices of London, seemed to have a legitimate abiding-place in the hands of powdered footmen, valets, and lackies generally, consigned to a degradation from which it appeared destined never to rise.

Shortly after the American Revolution, at which period all the Christian world was more or less belligerent, the side-arm was laid by, (for all men were tired of war and its insignia,) and the popularity of the cane began to revive. It made its way into favor, at first, but slowly ; elderly and middle-aged gentlemen, lawyers, and officers of the army, alone adopting it. Its form was also exceedingly simple, resembling strikingly the original Roman *cani*. Its material was usually the limb of an Indian tree, stout, straight, and of a bright brown color, having a steel ferrule and a plain gold head, with an eye, through which was passed a black silk cord terminating in two tassels. This form of the cane, and its limitation to the personages above mentioned, prevailed until the commencement of the present century, when this exclusiveness gradually disappeared ; younger gentlemen beginning to make their appearance with it on the Sabbath, and by and by some few, who were gentlemen of leisure, wearing it all times. It was not long before it got to be worn by aspiring youths of all classes, but rather as a portion of holiday attire than an article of ordinary convenience and ornament. It has been growing steadily into favor ever since ; and men now wear canes, not, as twenty-five years ago, as the badge of a gentleman or the indication of dandyism, but with certain exceptions to be mentioned hereafter, as a useful, convenient, and agreeable companion, a friend to stand by in the hour of danger, and to him who is worthy of wearing it, wife, horse, dog, friend, all in one.

"O! WHO HAS NOT FELT IN THIS DARK WORLD OF OURS."

BY WILLIAM THOMPSON BACON.

O! who has not felt in this dark world of ours,  
When his spirit has sighed for its last long release,  
The chirp of the birds, or the breath of the flowers,  
Stealing over his spirit to win it to peace?

O! Who has not felt that to gaze on the sky,  
When the morning came in like a smile from above,  
Was to fling all his moments of bitterness by,  
And deem life one revel of joy and of love?

Or who has not felt at the shutting of day,  
When the eve steals apace like a bride to her rest,  
The cloud of despondency fading away,  
And the garment of heaviness lift from his breast?

Or who has gone forth when from all the wide heaven,  
The moon pours her flame in one flood o'er the earth,  
But has sprung on the wing of his thought, and been driven  
Away to the fields where that flame has its birth?

And has sported in bliss there with star after star,  
And caught the wild chant as each sphere roll'd along,  
'Till his soul, orb'd with light, like those spheres seen afar,  
Has joined in their rapturous triumph and song?

O! We may not walk forth on this beautiful earth,  
But the heart *will* leap wildly these bright scenes among;  
And we may not go mourning, and frown upon mirth,  
When so much all around us is glory and song.

We may gaze, and our vision should never be dim;  
We may laugh off these clouds round our path-ways now curl'd;  
And, while quaffing life's cup as it foams to the brim,  
We will bless him who gave us this beautiful world.

*New Haven, 1838.*

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A "SHORT" SONNET.

*Respectfully dedicated to B. F. Butler, Esq.*

Oh, Matty! who did'st promise, in thy pride,  
To walk in thy great predecessor's track,  
How, at thy first attempt to ape his stride,  
Hast torn thy clothes and fall'n upon thy back!  
Thy fate is not without a parallel—  
For we all recollect the direful end  
Which Æsop's too ambitious frog befell,  
Who tried his puny carcass to distend,  
That he might emulate the size and height  
Of a huge ox, whom the fat soil had nurst.  
The humbug puff'd and swell'd with all his might,  
Until (misguided frog!) his boiler burst!  
There is a moral in this tale, no doubt,  
If you, my Matty, would but find it out.

A COBELER.

## THE ANALYST.

NO. V.

### BOASTERS AND BULLIES.

What cracker is this same, that deafs our ears  
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

KING JOHN.

————— What art thou? Have not I  
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?  
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not  
My dagger in my mouth.

CYMBELINE.

A **BOASTER** is an Orator, who excels chiefly in hyperbole. After this he is most given to seeing visions of past achievements and of future glory. He is your only true magician, for what he conjures up is really existent to the eye of his partial fancy. This is at least an actual verity, that he believes in what he says more frequently than he is generally allowed. When relating any particular action of his or the hand he had in any affair, he (for the time) is a self-deceiver, and credits his own tale. Hazlitt gives an instance, in one of his Table Talks, of a person with whose very constitution a love for fiction was so thoroughly mingled, that he could not, for the life of him, speak truth or act truth, bequeathing a large imaginary estate to several friends, who never suspected the imposture till they came to examine their title to it. A capital picture of such a temper is exhibited in the lying captain in Peter Simple. It is in some respects, however, a most happy frame of mind, for it enlarges a man's estimation of himself, and produces the same impression on the minds of most of his acquaintances. Since few have perception enough to discover the real character of any one, even among their intimate associates, and are very willing to take his own opinion of himself as the correct one, especially as it saves them the trouble of exercising any nice judgment or balancing opposite qualities in the delicate scales of the Analysis. It is not uncommon, therefore, that the Boaster finds his gulls, as the Bully those who fear him.

A common species of Boasters are your travelled blades, "who've *seen*, and sure they ought to know;" but, unluckily, the



optics of these moon-eyed gentry are little better than the total blindness of a man of sense, who has never stirred out of sight of the smoke of his own chimney. These are full of the desperate adventures they passed through when abroad; so that it would seem fortune had gone out of her way to make their path as wild and rugged as she generally does to make it smooth and easy. Place such a fellow in the company of men of tenfold his ability and experience, and there will be no discourse but his own chattering.

In England he boxed with Mendoza and rode matches with Chifney: at Venice he swam with Lord Byron and took a sociable dish of tea with the Doge: at Rome he was favored with a personal introduction to his Holiness without kissing his toe: and he was esteemed the best dancer, fencer, and billiard player in all Paris. He improvised at Naples and sang in all private companies at Florence. A German scavan dedicated his commentary on Kant [cant] to him, and his desk at home is filled with rhyming and prose epistles from the first authors of Europe. His admirable figure was admired in Dublin, and his scientific acquirements at Edinburgh. In fact he out-herods Herod himself, and throws the admirable Crichton completely into the shade. To crown all, when he comes back he is made a lion of for a season or two, delivers a few popular lectures and gives exclusive concerts. He winds up by becoming (when his character is pretty well got abroad and his cash begins to run low) the butt and laughing-stock of his former admirers and parasites.

Of another kind are they who pride themselves on their successful address in matters of gallantry; but the fastidious mock-modesty of the present age, which is afraid of hearing things called by their proper names, forbids my dwelling upon this point.

The varieties of Boasters, like the varieties of the human countenance, are endless. There are those who are always about to execute a great work (either in Literature or the Arts), who never do any thing, but exhaust all their small stock of talent in talking about it. Praise a well-established writer of moderate reputation; he is nothing to what they are about to attain. They are ever designing, never completing.

Besides these, there is your political boaster, who asserts that he has "done the State some service," and enumerates every petty motion he has ever made, every petition he has presented, every harangue he has been known to utter; your military boaster, your Thraso or Miles Gloreoser's, who has "fought his battles o'er again" every day after dinner for the last ten years, and will continue to do so for the remainder of his life;

your medical boaster, who relates the great cures (sinking his failures and licensed murders like bad debts); your legal boaster, who gloats over his cunning and keenness :

Your chancery lawyer, who by subtlety thrives  
In spinning suits out to the length of three lives ;  
Such suits which the clients do wear out in slavery,  
Whilst pleader makes conscience a cloak for his knavery,  
May boast of his subtlety in the present tense,  
But *non est inventus* a hundred years hence.

Your priestly boaster, who glories in the converted hearts of savages and civilized communities, whose own case is perhaps that of a cast-away ; unless sincere, when it is the happiest that can fall to the lot of man.

A Bully is a malevolent bad fellow at bottom. He has nothing of the capacious soul of the Boaster, and never grasps at large domains, though they be those of the imagination. His only aim is to be the terror of his circle. The leopard, not the lion, among his fellows, he desires not to strike awe but to inspire fear. There are as many classes of the Bully as of the Boaster, and in the same departments of life.

Among school-boys he is a strong, hardy, ill-featured, hang-looking dog. He has none of the life, generosity, and right spirit of his companions ; aloof he regards their efforts with a sullen eye, and designs plans of tyranny over the weak and timid.

The arts of the Bully to impose upon strangers, and even to conceal for a while his bent from those who know him best, are ingenious and politic. Thus his magniloquent style of speaking, like false coin, not unfrequently passes current.

Bobadil is master of this ; and his assumed indifference, when he talks of killing a large army at the rate of twenty men a day, is a fine comic trait. Captain Bluffin in the Old Bachelor is another of the same school ; though inferior to Bobadil, he has not his rotund style, but he has " the very trick of his frair," and can look big upon occasion. His real cowardice is more fully manifested, and in the scene with Bellemont and Sharper admirably exposed.

An ingenious pretext he employs for dissembling his cowardice, is an affected moderation in returning an insult. He has, to be sure, been kicked and cuffed ; but he merely rejoins with " You are obliging, sir, but this is too public a place to thank you in : *but in your ear you are to be seen again.*"

The Bully and the Boaster belong to the same family, though the former is the eldest son and the latter among the younger children. The former had been petted and made much of while

a child, a course of treatment which rendered his imperious temper more violent than ever when opposed to those he was sure of conquering, and more despicably a coward when pitted against his equals. Whereas the latter, as his younger brother, was enjoined all possible respect and reverence to his elders; was snubbed and cowed down a dozen times a day, until what spirit he ever possessed was quite broken, and so at last he took it all out in talking. This exclusion from the use of his fists has made his tongue wag more glibly than ever, and has certainly improved his talent for conversation. Added to this, his abstinence from action has warmed and heightened his fancy, and made him in one sense a creative genius.

There is something palpably mean and criminal in the Bully; the worst with which we can charge the Boaster is his tendency to exaggeration and self-exaltation. The former is positively vicious, the latter no more than a fool, often an agreeable one, and seldom wholly despicable. There is a largeness of soul in the latter which pardons all attempts to magnify himself, while there is nothing in the former to attract sympathy. It may be said in extenuation, that the Bully is a bastard hero; without denying that this may sometimes happen, still he is a hero of the least honorable sort—a blood-thirsty, brutally courageous hero. The Boaster is a sincerer man: the Bully knows he is a coward. The character of the Boaster has never been nicely discriminated on the stage, except in the inimitable portraits of Falstaff and Parolles—all the other portraits have been a mixture of the Bully and the Boaster, where the latter, as the pleasanter character, always predominated. We see this in Bobadil, in Pistol, in Bluffin, and a few others.

Perhaps the most magnificent boaster on record was Benevenuto Cellini, a reference to whose autobiography will satisfy the most skeptical. The most obnoxious bully may afford a fine field for conjecture; but I think he may be found entire among some of the most detestable of the Roman emperors to take eminent examples; or, to go a little lower, among some of the petty magistrates of our own free and independent country.

## THE TEST.

When ever yet was happiness the test  
Of love in man or woman ?

WILLIAM TELL.

THE board with festal flowers is crown'd,  
And voices gaily echo round,  
The spirit owns the witching spell  
Of music's soft voluptuous swell,  
And hearts that beat, and eyes that beam,  
We fondly think them what they seem.

A change has come—the storms of fate  
Have crush'd, and left us desolate ;  
Those joys are fled that round us shone,  
Where now the friends we thought our own ?  
Where now the hand's impassioned press—  
And where the oft bestowed caress ?

Gone—as the bird of summer flies  
From wint'ry clime to warmer skies,  
Gone—like the bird that hides its head  
Beneath the frost-king's chilling tread,  
Gone—like the bee from rifled flowers,  
To seek new sweets in other bowers !

Oh ! who would leave the sunny glade,  
To languish in the gloomy shade—  
Or who would turn from shelter warm  
To bide the pelting of the storm ;  
Or when was happiness the test,  
By which we knew who loved us best ?

Oh never ! but if one dear tone,  
Which greets us then, be heard alone,  
When every other voice is still,  
Like the soft murmur of a rill,  
And one ear lists to hear us come,  
And one eye beams our welcome home—

And one heart still the closer clings  
As each new sorrow round us springs,  
Whispers of hope, and smiles through tears,  
And fondly wiles away our fears ;  
This is the heart that loves us best,  
Trust me 'till death—'twill stand the test !



## REVIEWS.

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*Life of Joseph Brant—Thayendanegea ; including the Border Wars of the American Revolution, &c.* By WILLIAM L. STONE, in 2 vols. New-York: George Dearborn & Co. 2d Notice.

AFTER the conclusion of the war of the Revolution, the loyal Mohawks obtained a grant of territory from the British Government, situated on the Ouise, or Grand River, in Upper Canada, where they took up their abode. The whole tract is one hundred miles in length, extending from the mouth of Grand River, where it discharges into lake Erie, to its head, and embracing six miles on each side of that stream. Others of the Six Nations removed to the same territory, where at the present day the remnant of that once powerful people, or at least the portion of them who chose to place themselves under British protection, continue to reside. Their village is beautifully situated, and contains a neat church, and other public buildings, suited to the advanced civilization of the tribes.

Notwithstanding this grant, which was obtained through the personal negotiations of Brant with the governor of Canada, the loyal Iroquois were poorly requited by the British Government for their great sacrifices during the war. No provision had been made for them in the treaty of peace, and in regard to their possessions in New-York, they were left to the mercy of the people on whom they had waged a bloody warfare. For the purpose of securing some indemnity for their losses and sufferings, Brant went to England towards the close of 1785, where "he was received by the nobility and gentry with great consideration and respect." The following notice of his arrival appeared in a London journal, being an extract of a letter dated at Salisbury, December 12, 1785 :—

"Monday last, Colonel Joseph Brant, the celebrated King of the Mohawks, arrived in this city from America, and after dining with Colonel De Peister, at the head-quarters here, proceeded immediately on his journey to London. This extraordinary personage is said to have presided at the late grand Congress of confederate chiefs of the Indian nations in America, and to be by them appointed to the conduct and chief command in the war which they now meditate against the United States of America. He took his departure for England immediately as that assembly broke up; and it is conjectured that his embassy to the British Court is of great importance. This country owes much to the services of Colonel Brant during the late war in America. He was educated at Philadelphia; is a

very shrewd, intelligent person, possesses great courage and abilities as a warrior, and is inviolably attached to the British nation."

The author gives the following account of Brant's reception in England :

"The reception of the distinguished Mohawk in the British capital was all that the proudest forest king, not unacquainted with civilized life, could have desired. In the course of the war he had formed many acquaintances with the officers of the army, upon whom he must have made a highly favorable impression, since all who met him in London recognized him with great cordiality. Some of these he had met in the *salons* of Quebec, as well as been associated with them in the field. His visits to the Canadian capital had been frequent during and subsequent to the war. On one of these occasions the Baroness Riedesel met him at the provincial court, which gave her occasion to speak of him thus in her memoirs:—'I saw at that time the famous Indian chief, Captain Brant. His manners are polished; he expressed himself with fluency, and was much esteemed by General Haldimand. I dined once with him at the General's. In his dress he showed off to advantage the half military and half savage costume. His countenance was manly and intelligent, and his disposition very mild.' Aside, therefore, from the novelty of gazing upon an Indian prince in the British capital, his education and associations, his rank as a warrior, and his bravery, were so many substantial reasons why he should be received with kindness and courtesy. Sir Guy Carleton, afterward Lord Dorchester, who was then on the point of embarking for America to relieve Sir Frederick Haldimand in the government of the Canadas, was well acquainted with the Chief. Earl Moira, afterward Marquis of Hastings, who had served in America as Lord Rawden, had formed a strong attachment to Captain Brant, and gave him his picture set in gold. The late General Sir Charles Stuart, fourth son of the Earl of Bute, who, while serving in America, had often slept under the same tent with him, had the warmest regard for him, and cordially recognised him as his friend in London. With the late Duke of Northumberland, then Lord Percy, he had likewise formed an acquaintance in America, which ripened into a lasting attachment, and was maintained by a correspondence, continued at intervals until his death. With the Earl of Warwick, and others of the nobility and gentry, he had become acquainted during his first visit, ten years before. His acquaintance was also sought by many of the distinguished statesmen and scholars of the time; among whom were the Bishop of London, Charles Fox, James Boswell, and many others. He sat for his picture for Lord Percy, as he had done for the Earl of Warwick and Boswell when first in England; and Fox presented him with a silver snuff-box, bearing his initials. With the King and royal family he was a great favorite—not the less so on the part of his Majesty for having proudly refused to kiss his hand on his presentation. The dusky Chief, however, in declining that ceremony, with equal gallantry and address remarked that he would gladly kiss the hand of the Queen. George the Third was a man of too much sterling sense not to appreciate the feelings of his brother chief, and he loved his Queen too well not to be gratified with the turning of a compliment in her Majesty's favor, in a manner that would have done no discredit to the most accomplished cavalier of the Court of Elizabeth—Sir Walter Raleigh.

"Equally well did he stand in the graces of the Prince of Wales, who took great delight in his company; sometimes inviting him in his rambles to places 'very queer for a prince to go to,' as the old chief was wont to remark in after-life. He was also, it is believed, an occasional guest at the table of the Prince, among that splendid circle of wits, orators, and scholars, who so frequently clustered around the festive board of the accomplished and luxurious heir apparent. It has been asserted, likewise, that these associations, and the freedom with which the leading Whigs were accustomed to speak of the King, had an unhappy effect upon the mind of the warrior, by lessening his reverence for the regal office, if not for his Majesty's person.

"But, amidst all the attractions of the metropolis, and the hospitalities in which

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he was called to participate, the Chief did not neglect the special object, or *objects*, of his mission. He had left his nation suffering from their losses of property and other sacrifices, by which, as well as their arms, they had proved their loyalty, or rather their good faith to the King as allies, during the late war, and his first object was to obtain relief. The claims of his people had previously been presented to the consideration of his Majesty's Government, as already stated, by Sir John Johnson; but, apparently receiving no attention, on the fourth of January, 1786, Captain Brant addressed the following letter to Lord Sidney, his Majesty's Secretary for the Colonial Department:—

“CAPTAIN BRANT TO LORD SYDNEY.

“MY LORD,

“The claims of the Mohawks for their losses having been delivered by Sir John Johnson, His Majesty's Superintendent-General for Indian affairs, to General Haldimand, and by him laid before your Lordship, who cannot but be well informed that their sufferings, losses, and being drove from that country which their forefathers long enjoyed, and left them the peaceable possession of, is in consequence of their faithful attachment to the King, and the zeal they manifested in supporting the cause of His country against the rebellious subjects of America.

“From the promises made by the Governor and Commander-in-chief of Canada, that their losses should be made good, and that soon, when I left them, I was desired to put His Majesty's ministers in mind of their long and sincere friendship for the English nation, in whose cause their ancestors and they have so often fought and so freely bled,—of their late happy settlements, before the rebellion, and their present situation,—and to request their claims might be attended to, and that orders may be given for what they are to receive to be paid as soon as possible, in order to enable them to go on with the settlement they are now making; in some measure stock their farms, and get such articles and materials as all settlements in new countries require, and which it is out of their power to do before they are paid for their losses.

“On my mentioning these matters, since my arrival in England, I am informed orders are given that this shall be done; which will give great relief and satisfaction to those faithful Indians, who will have spirit to go on, and their hearts be filled with gratitude for the King, their father's, great kindness, which I pray leave, in their behalf, to acknowledge, and to thank your Lordship for your friendship.

“JOSEPH BRANT, *Captain, or*  
“THAYENDANEGBA.

“*London, 4th January, 1786.*”

A further extract from this portion of the work will serve to illustrate, in an agreeable manner, the civilized character of the Indian Chief, whose behavior at a “fancy ball,” it seems, had a touch of humor in it not altogether to the taste of the fashionable throng. Says our author,

“During his stay in London, a grand fancy ball, or masquerade, was got up with great splendor, and numerous attended by the nobility and gentry. Captain Brant, at the instance of Earl Moira, was also present, richly dressed in the costume of his nation, wearing no mask, but painting one half of his face. His plumes nodded as proudly in his cap as though the blood of a hundred Percies coursed through his veins, and his tomahawk glittered in his girdle like burnished silver. There was, likewise, in the gay and gallant throng a stately Turkish *diplomat* of rank, accompanied by two houris, whose attention was particularly attracted by the grotesque appearance of the chieftain's singular, and, as he supposed, fantastic attire. The pageant was brilliant as the imagination could desire; but among the whole motley throng of pilgrims and warriors, hermits and shepherds, knights, damsels, and gipsies, there was, to the eye of the Mussulman,

no character so picturesque and striking as that of the Mohawk; which, being natural, appeared to be the best made up. He scrutinised the chief very closely, and mistaking his *rouge et noir* complexion for a painted visor, the Turk took the liberty of attempting to handle his nose. Brant had, of course, watched the workings of his observation, and felt in the humor of a little sport. No sooner, therefore, had Hassan touched his facial point of honor, under the mistaken idea that it was of no better material than the parchment nose of the Strasburgh trumpeter, than the Chieftain made the hall resound with the appalling warwhoop, and at the same instant the tomahawk leaped from his girdle, and flashed around the astounded Mussulman's head as though his good master, the Sultan, in a minute more, would be relieved from any future trouble in the matter of taking it off. Such a piercing and frightful cry had never before rung through that *salon* of fashion; and breaking suddenly, and with starting wildness, upon the ears of the merry throng, its effect was prodigious. The Turk himself trembled with terror; while the female masquers--the gentle shepherdesses and fortune-telling crones, Turks, Jews and gipsies, bear-leaders and their bears, Falstaffs, friars, and fortune-tellers, Sultans, nurses, and Columbines, shrieked, screamed, and scudded away as though the Mohawks had broken into the festive hall in a body. The matter, however, was soon explained; and the incident was accounted as happy in the end as it was adroitly enacted by the good-humored Mohawk.

"But neither the pleasures of society, nor the follies of the Prince of Wales, nor the special business of his mission, nor the views of political ambition which he was cherishing, made him forgetful of the moral wants of his people. Notwithstanding the ceaseless activity of his life, he had found time to translate the Gospel of Mark into the Mohawk language; and as most of the Indian Prayer and Psalm Books previously in use had been either lost or destroyed during the war, the opportunity of his visit was chosen by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, to bring out a new and superior edition of that work, under Brant's own supervision, and including the Gospel of Mark as translated by him. This was the first of the Gospels ever translated entire into the Mohawk language. The book was elegantly printed in large octavo, under the immediate patronage of the King. It was printed in alternate pages of English and Mohawk; and the volume contained the psalms and occasional prayers before published, together with the services of communion, baptism, matrimony, and the burial of the dead. It was embellished with a number of scriptural engravings, elegant for the state of the arts at that day; the frontispiece representing the interior of a chapel, with portraits of the King and Queen, a bishop standing at either hand, and groups of Indians receiving the sacred books from both their Majesties.

"It is not known at what time of the year 1786 Captain Brant turned his back upon the gay metropolis of England, to bury himself once more in the deep forests toward the setting sun. It must, however, have been soon after receiving Lord Sidney's dispatch of April 6th, since, among the papers of the chief, there is a letter addressed to him after his return, by Major Matthews, who was attached to the military family of Sir Guy Carleton, dated at Montreal, July 24, 1786. Early in the month of December following he will also be found attending an Indian Council far in the country of the Great Lakes." Vol. II. pp. 249-261.

The result of this diplomatic mission of Brant to England was successful to a certain extent. The government consented to make the Indians an allowance corresponding in amount to their actual losses during the war, as certified by the superintendent appointed by the crown. It would seem, however, that there was no disposition to recognize the claim of Brant to half-pay, to which, as a British officer, holding the commission of captain in his majesty's service during the war, he was entitled on the reduction of the army. Some difficulties being thrown in the way, Brant, in a letter to Sir E. Nepean, one of the Under-Secretaries, indignantly waived his claim, asserting proudly that he had taken up arms "purely on account of



his forefather's engagements with the king," which he had "always looked upon as sacred." Vol. II. p. 257.

The mission of Brant to England is supposed by the author to have had reference to an ambitious scheme which he had conceived, of combining all the great north-western Indian nations into a single grand confederacy, of which he was to be chief. In furtherance of his views, before his visit to England, he had visited the country of the upper lakes, and held councils with the nations; and it became important for him to ascertain what countenance the British Government would lend to the design, especially in the event of a war with the United States. Ministers, however, did not choose to commit themselves, and Brant received no open encouragement of his plans. On his return, in December, 1786, a grand council of the Indians north-west of the Ohio was held near Detroit, which he attended; when an address to the government of the United States was agreed upon, the tone of which was pacific, provided no encroachments were made on their lands beyond the Ohio. The United States government did not choose, however, to leave the Indians in possession of the lands north of that river; and thus this address, which was first subscribed by the Five Nations, led the way to the general war in that quarter, which soon after commenced, and continued, with little intermission, until the pacification effected by Gen. Wayne in 1795.

Notwithstanding the active part taken by Brant in the measures preceding hostilities, it does not appear that he was engaged to any extent in prosecuting the war. On the other hand, he was regarded as maintaining a neutral position under the influence of the Governor of Canada, having failed to induce the British Government to espouse the cause of the Indian nations. It was strongly suspected, however, and Mr. Stone has furnished pretty conclusive proof of the fact, that the Indians were secretly instigated by the English to insist on the Ohio as a southern boundary, and encouraged to take up arms in defence of the claim. (Vol. II. pp. 270-273.)

Desirous of obtaining the influence of Brant in bringing about a cessation of hostilities, the Secretary of War invited him to visit Philadelphia in 1792, for the ostensible purpose of "consulting him upon the best means of civilizing and advancing the happiness of the Indians." The invitation was ultimately accepted, and Brant repaired to the American seat of government in the summer of that year. The following account of his visit is given by our author:—

"The necessary arrangements having been adjusted, the journey was commenced early in June. General Chapin not being able to accompany the Chief to the seat of government, he was attended by the General's son, and by Doctor Allen, and two body servants of his own—all mounted. Their route from Niagara to Albany was taken through the Mohawk Valley. At Palatine, by previous invitation, the Captain visited Major James Cochran, who had then recently established himself in that place. But the feelings of the inhabitants had become so embittered against him during the war of the Revolution, and such threats were uttered by some of the Germans, of a determination to take his life, that it was deemed prudent for him privately to leave the inn, where his friend Major Coch-

ran was then at the lodgings, and sleep at the house of Mrs. Peter Schuyler in the neighborhood, where he would be less likely to be assailed. He did so, and the next morning pursued his journey. With this exception, he was well received at every point of his journey. His arrival in New-York was thus announced in the newspapers:—‘On Monday last arrived in this city, from his settlement on Grand River, on a visit to some of his friends in this quarter, Captain Joseph Brant of the British army, the famous Mohawk chief who so eminently distinguished himself during the late war as the military leader of the Six Nations. We are informed that he intends to visit the city of Philadelphia, and pay his respects to the President of the United States.’

“He arrived in Philadelphia on the 30th of June, where he was announced in terms very similar to the above, and received by the Government with marked attention. But few memorials of this visit have been preserved. The President announced his arrival in respectful terms, on the 21st of June, in a letter addressed to Gouverneur Morris; and he speaks of the circumstance again in a subsequent letter, but makes no allusion to the result of his interviews with him. No doubt, strong efforts were made, not only to engage his active interposition with the Indians to bring about a peace, but likewise to win him over permanently to the interests of the United States. In a letter subsequently addressed by Captain Brant to the Count de Puisy, in regard to his difficulties with the British government touching the title to the Grand River territory, while pleading the claims of his Indians to the favorable consideration of the Crown, and repelling certain charges of selfishness which had been bruited respecting himself, the following passage occurs on the subject of the proposals made to him by the American Executive:—‘I am sorry to find that my perseverance in endeavoring to obtain our rights, has caused unjust surmises to be formed of my intentions, notwithstanding the many evident proofs I have shown of my integrity and steady attachment to the British interest. Had I not been actuated by motives of honor, and preferred the interests of his Majesty, and the credit of my nation, to my own private welfare, there were several allurements of gain offered me by the Government of the United States when I was at Philadelphia, during the time the Shawanese and other tribes maintained a war against them. I was offered a thousand guineas down, and to have the half-pay and pension I receive from Great Britain doubled, merely on condition that I would use my endeavors to bring about a peace. But this I rejected. I considered it might be detrimental to the British interests, as also to the advantage and credit of the Indian nations, until the Americans should make the necessary concessions. Afterward I was offered the pre-emption right to land to the amount of twenty thousand pounds currency of the United States, and fifteen hundred dollars per annum. This I considered as inconsistent with the principles of honor to receive, as by accepting of any of these offers, they might expect me to act contrary to his Majesty’s interest and the honor of our nations; and from the repeated assurances of his Majesty’s representatives, I had full confidence his bounty would never fail.’

“But notwithstanding his refusal of these propositions, the result of the interview seems at the time to have been mutual satisfaction. The true causes of the war with the western Indians were explained to him; and great pains were taken by the President and Secretary of War to impress upon his mind the sincere desire of the United States to cultivate the most amicable relations with the sons of the forest, of any and every tribe. In the end, the Chief was induced to undertake a mission of peace to the Miamis, for which purpose he was furnished with ample instructions by the Secretary of War. Most emphatically was he enjoined to undeceive the Indians in regard to their apprehensions that the United States were seeking to wrest from them farther portions of their lands. On this point the Government solemnly disclaimed the design of taking a foot more than had been ceded in the treaty of Muskingum in 1789. The Chief left Philadelphia about the 1st of July, on which occasion the Secretary of War wrote to General Chapin, among other things, as follows:—‘Captain Brant’s visit will, I flatter myself, be productive of great satisfaction to himself, by being made acquainted with the humane views of the President of the United States.’ To Governor Clinton the Secretary likewise wrote as follows:—‘Captain Brant appears to be a judicious and sensible man. I flatter myself his journey will be satisfactory to himself and beneficial to the United States.’

"The chief returned by the same route, lingering a few days in New-York, where he was visited by some of the most distinguished gentlemen in the city. It has been mentioned, a few pages back, that Brant was apprehensive of some attempt upon his life in the Mohawk Valley. Indeed, he had been informed that it would be unsafe for him to traverse that section of country, lest some real or fancied wrong, connected with the war of the Revolution, should be avenged by assassination. Nor were these apprehensions groundless; for while resting in New-York, he ascertained that he had not only been pursued from the German Flatts, but that the pursuer was then in the city watching for an opportunity to effect his purpose. The name of this pursuer was Dygert. Several members of his father's family had fallen in the battle of Oriskany, fifteen years before, and this man had deliberately determined to put the leader of the Indian warriors to death in revenge. Brant's lodgings were in Broadway, where he was visited, among others, by Colonel Willett and Colonel Morgan Lewis, both of whom he had met in the field of battle in years gone by. While in conversation with these gentlemen, he mentioned the circumstance of Dygert's pursuit, and expressed some apprehensions at the result, should he be attacked unawares. Before his remarks were concluded, glancing his quick eye to the window, he exclaimed, 'there is Dygert now!' True enough, the fellow was then standing in the street, watching the motions of his intended victim. Colonel Willett immediately descended into the street, and entered into a conversation with Dygert, charging his real business upon him, which he did not deny. 'Do you know,' asked Willett, 'that if you kill that savage, you will be hanged?' 'Who,' replied the ignorant German, 'would hang me for killing an Indian?' 'You will see,' rejoined the Colonel; 'if you execute your purpose, you may depend upon it you will be hanged up immediately.' This was presenting the case in a new aspect to Dygert, who, until that moment, seemed to suppose that he could kill an Indian with as much propriety in a time of peace as war—in the streets of New-York as well as in legal battle in the woods. After deliberating a few moments, he replied to Colonel Willett, that if such was the law, he would give it up and return home. He did so, and the Mohawk chief shortly afterward reached Niagara in safety." Vol. II. pp. 327-331.

In a subsequent visit to New-York, in 1797, the life of Brant was threatened both on his route through the Mohawk Valley and at Albany. The following anecdote relates to a late eminent member of the bar of this city:—

"Added to these unpleasant designs, was an incident coming somewhat nearer to the point of action, which is worth recording as an illustration both of history and character. In the account of the ravaging of Cherry Valley, the reader will doubtless recollect the massacre of the entire family of Mr. Wells, with the exception of John, then a lad at school in Schenectady. But that lad was now a member of the bar, of high spirit and uncommon promise. The tragedy by which his whole family had been cut off, had imparted a shade of melancholy to his character, deepening with the lapse of time, and descending with him to the grave. Nineteen years had elapsed since it was enacted; but there was a feeling in the breast of young Wells, which only wanted awakening by opportunity, to prompt a strong desire of avenging the foul murders. He happened to be in Albany during the visit of the chief, and erroneously looking upon him as the author of the murders, his feelings by proximity became exceedingly bitter and exasperated. Indeed, he could not restrain his desire of revenge; and hastening to the tavern at which Brant had put up, he inquired furiously where he should find his enemy—declaring that he would slay him on the spot. Of course his friends remonstrated, and otherwise opposed his purpose; but it was not without difficulty that he was persuaded to forego it. Brant, hearing the disturbance, asked what caused it; and was told that a young man, whose father had perished at Cherry Valley, was below, and threatened to take his life. His answer was brief, and given with a remarkably fine assumption of dignity and composure. Not a feature changed—not a muscle of his countenance was seen to move—but,



slightly drawing himself up as he sat, and his eyes glittering for an instant more keenly, even than was their wont, he said, calmly and quietly, 'Let him come on;' and nothing more escaped him on the subject, until word was brought that Mr. Wells had left the house."

The author adds,

"It was in consequence of these unpleasant indications that Governor Jay directed a guard to accompany him through the Mohawk Valley on his return to Upper Canada. But, notwithstanding these drawbacks to the pleasure of his visit in Albany, there were circumstances and incidents contributing to render it otherwise than disagreeable upon the whole. He was hospitably received and entertained by some of the most respectable citizens; and during that and a subsequent visit, made to Albany in 1805 or 1806, had opportunities of meeting at the festive board some of the veteran officers of the American army, whom he had met in the field, or rather in the forest fights of the frontiers; on which occasions, with the best feelings possible, the old soldiers 'fought their battles o'er again,' as old soldiers are wont to do. Dining with General Gansevoort, the hero of Fort Stanwix, their conversation turned upon the memorable campaign of Sullivan, and the march of Gansevoort with his regiment at the close of that campaign, through the wilderness from Seneca Lake to Fort Schuyler. Although Gansevoort had no idea that Brant was nearer to him than Niagara, Brant assured him that he was hovering about him during the whole march; and was so near that, to use his own words, 'I roasted my venison by the fires that you left.'

"He also met, on one of these occasions, with the late General Philip Van Courtlandt, who had served in the New York line, and who was one of the expedition of Sullivan and Clinton to Chemung, and thence into the Seneca country. While conversing upon the subject of the battle at Newtown, Brant inquired—'General, while you were standing by a large tree during that battle, how near to your head did a bullet come, which struck a little above you?' The General paused for a moment, and replied—'about two inches above my hat.' The Chief then related the circumstances. 'I had remarked your activity in the battle,' said he, 'and calling one of my best marksmen, pointed you out, and directed him to bring you down. He fired, and I saw you dodge your head at the instant I supposed the ball would strike. But as you did not fall, I told my warrior that he had just missed you, and lodged the ball in the tree.'

"Another incident may be introduced in this connexion, illustrative at once of his sagacity, his strong sense of justice, and his promptness of decision and execution. Among the border settlers west of the Hudson, opposite the Manor of Livingston, was an opulent farmer named Rose. He was an Irishman; and having no child to inherit his wealth, had sent to the Emerald Isle for a nephew, whom he had adopted. In one of Brant's hostile incursions upon the settlements, during the war of the Revolution, Rose and his nephew, with others, were taken prisoners, and marched in the direction of Niagara. During the journey, Brant took Rose aside one morning, and admonished him not to move far away from himself (Brant,) but at all times on their march to keep within call. 'I have reason to believe,' said the chief, 'that that nephew of your's is plotting your death. He is endeavoring to bribe one of my Indians to kill you. I shall keep an eye upon them, and if I find my suspicions true, I will execute him on the spot.' The caution was observed by Rose, and no long time elapsed before Brant informed him that his suspicions were well-founded. The nephew, for the purpose of an earlier possession of his confiding uncle's estate, had agreed upon the price of his murder with the savage who was to do the deed. Having full evidence of the fact, the stern purpose of the Chief was executed upon the ingrate by his own hand, and the life of the uncle was saved." Vol. II. p. 459.

A considerable space is devoted by our author to the domestic relations of Brant, in the course of which his correspondence with the family of President Wheelock, and others, is introduced. It has been stated by some writers that his oldest son was cruelly



murdered by the Indian chief; but Mr. Stone, while he admits that the son's death was occasioned by a wound inflicted with a dirk by the father, yet makes it appear to have occurred in self-defence. Young Brant was a wild and heedless savage, habituated to intemperate drinking, and while under the effects of inebriation, made a violent assault upon his father, which the latter repelled. In the affray the son received a wound on the head, which was not considered dangerous at the time it was inflicted; but, owing to his unwillingness to have it properly dressed, terminated his life by producing a fever of the brain. This was in 1795.

A council of the Indians acquitted Brant of all blame in this unfortunate transaction, and public opinion generally acquiesced in the correctness of the verdict; but his enemies did not fail to seize upon the occurrence, and represent the old Chief as the murderer of his own son. And it appears that Brant himself was not without compunctious visitations of conscience on the subject; as he "lay upon his bed, and looked at the dirk with which the wound was inflicted, and which hung up in his room, he was accustomed to cry in the sorrow of his heart." Vol. II. p. 467.

Two younger sons of Brant were educated at Hanover, N. H. under the care of President Wheelock; and the correspondence that passed between the latter and the Chief on the occasion, affords abundant evidence of Brant's solicitude for the moral and intellectual training of his offspring. "His letters are characterized by an amiable temper, and by good, sound, common sense—breathing a spirit of kindness and affection throughout. And such was his general character in his family." p. 479.

Brant resided during the latter part of his life at the head of Lake Ontario, on a tract of land presented to him by the King, where he erected a commodious dwelling-house two stories high; the situation is noble and commanding, and affords a view of the lake and surrounding country. Here he died, on the 24th of November, 1807, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. His religious character was not doubted by those who attended him in his last sickness; he died in the full belief of Christianity as taught by the English Church, of which he was a member.

He was succeeded in the chieftaincy by his youngest son, John, who distinguished himself in the late war with Great Britain, on the Canadian frontiers, especially in the battle of Queenston, of which our author has furnished a highly interesting account, with many details never before published. He adds,

"At the close of the war, having attained the age of manhood, John Brant, and his youthful sister Elizabeth, the youngest of his father's family, returned to the head of Lake Ontario, and took up their residence in the 'Brant House'—living in the English style, and dispensing the ancient hospitalities of their father. Lieutenant Francis Hall, of the British service, who travelled in the United States and Canada in 1816, visited the Brant House, and saw the old lady Chieftainess at that place. He also speaks highly of the youthful Chief, John, as 'a fine young man, of gentleman-like appearance, who used the English lan-

guage agreeably and correctly, dressing in the English fashion, excepting only the moccasins of his Indian habit.' Lieutenant Hall also visited the Mohawk village on the Grand River, where Elizabeth happened at the time to be, and of whom he gives an interesting account in his notice of the Brant family, their situation, and the people as he found them. Speaking of Thayendanegea, this intelligent traveller remarks:—"Brant, like Clovis, and many of the early Anglo-Saxon and Danish Christians, contrived to unite much religious zeal with the practices of natural ferocity. His grave is to be seen under the walls of his church. I have mentioned one of his sons: he has also a daughter living, who would not disgrace the circles of European fashion: her face and person are fine and graceful: she speaks English not only correctly, but elegantly; and has, both in her speech and manners, a softness approaching to oriental languor. She retains so much of her native dress as to identify her with her people, over whom she affects no superiority, but seems pleased to preserve all the ties and duties of relationship. She held the infant of one of her relations at the font, on the Sunday of my visit to the church. The usual church and baptismal service was performed by a Doctor Aaron, an Indian, and an assistant priest; the congregation consisted of sixty or seventy persons, male and female. Many of the young men were dressed in the English fashion, but several of the old warriors came with their blankets folded over them like the drapery of a statue; and in this dress, with a step and mien of quiet energy, more forcibly reminded me of the ancient Romans than some other inhabitants of this continent who have laid claim to the resemblance. Some of them wore large silver crosses, medals, and trinkets on their arms and breasts; and a few had bandeaus, ornamented with feathers. Dr. Aaron, a grey-headed Mohawk, had touched his cheeks and forehead with a few spots of vermilion in honor of Sunday. He wore a surplice, and preached; but his delivery was monotonous and unimpassioned. Indian eloquence decays with the peculiar state of society to which it owed its energy." Vol. II. pp. 517, 518.

The young Chief visited England in 1821, when a correspondence took place between him and the poet Campbell on the subject of the aspersions cast on his father's memory in Gertrude of Wyoming, to which we have already referred. In 1832 he was returned a member of the Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada, but, during the same year, fell a victim to the Asiatic cholera. His sister, Elizabeth Brant, was married to William Johnson Kerr, Esq. of Niagara, (a grandson of Sir William Johnson,) and is still living, "with her husband and little family," (says our author,) "at the old mansion of her father, near the head of Lake Ontario."

In concluding his account of this aboriginal family, the author states, that—

"On the death of her favorite son, John, the venerable widow of Joseph Brant, pursuant to the Mohawk law of succession heretofore explained, being herself of the royal line, conferred the title of TEKARIHOGEA upon the infant son of her daughter, Mrs. Kerr. During the minority, the government is exercised by a regency of some kind; but how it is appointed, what are its powers, and at what age the minority terminates, are points unknown to the author. The infant chief is a fine-looking lad, three quarters Mohawk, with an eye piercing as the eagle's. But the people over whom he is the legitimate chief—the once mighty Six Nations—the Romans of the new world—whose conquests extended from Lake Champlain west to the falls of Ohio, and south to the Santee—WHERE ARE THEY? The proud race is doomed; and Echo will shortly answer, WHERE?" Vol. II. p. 537.

It was our intention to bestow particular attention in this article upon those part of the volumes before us that relate to the general history of the war of the Revolution; but the personal narrative of the leading subject of the writer has occupied us longer than we av-

ticipated, and we are compelled to hasten to a conclusion. There is one matter, however, on which this work sheds so much new light, that we cannot let it pass without directing the attention of our readers to the statements made by the author. It relates to the controversy between New-York and the "New Hampshire Grants," now Vermont.

This controversy was begun in 1749, and continued to be agitated until 1764, when the question was carried up to the King in council, and a decision rendered in favor of New-York, confirming her claim to the whole territory now constituting the State of Vermont. Under this decision, the prior grants from the Governor of New Hampshire were declared null and void, and the settlers were called upon to surrender their deeds, or to re-purchase their lands from New-York. This they refused to do, and the result was another controversy, of a more angry character than the former one. The settlers were headed in their measures of resistance by the noted Ethan Allen, against whom an act of outlawry was passed, and a price set upon his head. All efforts of the New-York authorities to exercise jurisdiction within the disputed territory failed; surveyors were arrested, tried under *Lynch law*, and banished, with menaces of certain death if they returned; and when the sheriff of Albany appeared with his *posse comitatus*, the "Green Mountain Boys," as the settlers styled themselves, opposed force to force, and drove them back.

Such was the state of things at the commencement of the Revolution; that event produced a temporary diversion from local difficulties to a hearty co-operation of all parties against the crown. The brilliant feat of Allen at Ticonderoga is well known, and the battle of Bennington afforded still further evidence of the patriotism of the Green Mountain Boys. But the refusal of Congress to recognize the "Grants," (as Vermont was then familiarly called,) as an independent State, in 1777, cooled the ardor of their leaders in the common cause; and, as it now distinctly appears, led to secret negotiations between them and the king's officers in Canada. Col. Beverley Robinson, of the British army, addressed two letters to Ethan Allen in 1780-1, which the latter enclosed to Congress, accompanied by a letter in which he asserted the right of Vermont to make terms with Great Britain, provided its claims as a State were still to be rejected by Congress. The threat had no effect on that body. The subsequent events are thus related by our author:—

"In the months of April and May following, the Governor and Council of Vermont commissioned Colonel Ira Allen, a brother of Ethan, to proceed to the Isle au Noix, to settle a cartel with the British in Canada, and also, if possible, to negotiate an armistice in favor of Vermont. The arrangements for this negotiation were conducted with the most profound secrecy; only eight persons being cognizant of the procedure. Colonel Allen, accompanied by one subaltern, two sergeants, and sixteen privates, departed upon his mission on the first of May; and having arrived at the Isle au Noix, entered at once upon his business—negotiating with Major Dundas, the commander of that post, only on the subject of an exchange of prisoners, but more privately with Captain Sherwood and George Smith, Esq. on the subject of an armistice. The stay of Allen at the island was



protracted for a considerable time, and the conferences with the two commissioners, Sherwood and Smith, on the subject of the political relations of Vermont, were frequent, but perfectly confidential; Allen carefully avoiding to write any thing, to guard against accidents. But from the beginning, it seems to have been perfectly understood by both parties that they were treating 'for an armistice, and to concert measures to establish Vermont as a colony under the crown of Great Britain.' In the course of the consultations, Allen freely declared 'that such was the extreme hatred of Vermont to the state of New-York, that rather than yield to it, they would see Congress subjected to the British government, provided Vermont could be a distinct colony under the crown on safe and honorable terms.' He added, 'that the people of Vermont were not disposed any longer to assist in establishing a government in America which might subject them and their posterity to New-York, whose government was more detested than any other in the world.' These were encouraging representations in the ears of his Majesty's officers; and, after a negotiation of seventeen days, the cartel was arranged, and an armistice verbally agreed upon, by virtue of which hostilities were to cease between the British forces and the people under the jurisdiction of Vermont, until after the next session of the Legislature of Vermont, and even longer, if prospects were satisfactory to the Commander-in-chief in Canada. Moreover, as Vermont had then extended her claims of territory to the Hudson River, all that portion of New-York lying east of the river, and north of the western termination of the north line of Massachusetts, was included in the armistice. It was also stipulated that, during the armistice, the leaders in Vermont were to prepare the people by degrees for a change of government, and that the British officers were to have free communication through the territory of the new State—as it claimed to be." Vol. II. pp. 199, 200.

We have not room for the sequel of these negotiations with the enemy on the part of the Vermont leaders; but whatever the result might have been, had the contest with Great Britain longer continued, its abrupt termination on the surrender of Cornwallis put an end also to their designs.

Having thus taken a cursory view of the volumes before us, in doing which it has been our object to allow the author to speak for himself as much as possible, we feel bound to bear our testimony to the general ability and unwearied research by which they are distinguished. It would have been more judicious, perhaps, had less documentary matter encumbered the body of the work, although there is absolutely nothing that we could spare from its appropriate place. As a whole, we doubt whether the American press has sent forth a more faithfully executed work; one that comprises more important historical matter, drawn from original sources, and supplying an acknowledged *desideratum* in our revolutionary annals; and which at the same time, in point of style, will compare more favorably with other standard productions of popular historians. It is a work that must have its place in every well-furnished library, and must be read by all who would understand fully the story of the American Revolution.

The Publishers have done their part, too, in a manner worthy the high reputation of their press; the typography and embellishments are on a liberal scale, although it appears to us that a good MAP of the country occupied by the Six Nations during the period in question, would be of great service to most readers. The engravings are in the most finished style, and add much to the interest of the work.



*Miscellaneous Poems* : By JOHN H. HEWITT.—N. Hickman, Baltimore, pp. 235.

WHEN Kettell published his edition of the thousand and one American bards, it was thought that he had cleared the literary arena, and that no bantling of Parnassus had been neglected; but it would have been a sad mortification to those concerned in the profits of the book, had it been known that some hundred were overlooked, and the sales proportionately affected. A friend of ours, at the time this budget of glories was in preparation, earnestly remonstrated against the absurdity of raking and scraping the magazines and newspapers, family records and old aunts' collections, for the remains of every rhymers without discrimination who ever coupled love and dove; and more especially against including in the collection the unfledged brood of the day. The only reply he received to this remonstrance was, "Don't you know, that the more poets we have in the book, the greater will be the demand at the stores?" There was no contending against this argument, and the literary reputation of the country was sacrificed to the *auri sacra fames* of a speculating publisher.

In Kettell's collection, some of the cleverest of our poets were left out, and among them, John H. Hewitt. This gentleman was educated at West Point, one of the best institutions in America for forming an independent and useful citizen. After leaving West Point, he settled down, as the Yankees say, in the far South, where he contributed in no inconsiderable degree to the elegant literature of the day. Subsequently Mr. Hewitt took up his abode in Baltimore, where he has resided about ten years, teaching music on every instrument of the orchestra, and drawing on the versatile resources of a fine mind for a remedy to that worst of all diseases, 'the consumption of the purse.' The miscellany before us speaks elegantly of his recreations during this time, and we would call attention to it, as containing 'old familiar faces,' that will give many a reader pleasure to recognize. There are here between thirty and forty melodies, the music of which our author himself composed, that have been on the sweet lips of almost every lady in the United States. Need we instance the 'Song of the American Girl,' and that very popular one, 'The Minstrel's Return from the War?' Perhaps no song since 'Adams and Liberty,' by Robert Treat Paine, has been half so popular in the country.

The principal poem in the collection is 'The Rival Harps,' a romantic and beautiful production, full of poetic promise; but unfortunately for the author, written with such evident rapidity as to be open to severe criticism. Our author, merely because he possesses great facility in writing, is not warranted in the *currente calamo*, slap-dash style of composition. Whoever submits to criticism by giving a book to the public, is guilty of a double wrong, to himself and to his readers, for such carelessness. Mr. Hewitt must not ex-

pect to escape any more than others, notwithstanding his modest appeal, which almost disarms severity.

There are many of the minor poems of Mr. Hewitt which would do honor to the best established reputation. At times our author is in 'the highest heaven of invention,' and forthwith he comes down like a wounded bird, lame and wearied. He possesses, notwithstanding, uncommon talent; and his poetry breathes of the kind and gentle affections. Here is a clever thing, which came from his heart:

#### TO AN INFANT.

"Boy! while thy young eyes laughing turn  
To catch the flood of glorious light,  
That ushers in thy natal morn,  
And beams upon thee pure and bright;  
Think'st thou 'twill always glisten so?  
Alas!—the night is yet to come;  
And many a day of toil and wo  
Will shroud thy pathway to the tomb.

But, welcome—welcome to this world,  
Though but a world of strife it be;  
As there are founts which never purl'd,  
So there are joys in store for thee.  
The darkest day hath still its light,  
Or hope would chill and man despair;  
Be thine a day that knows no night,  
A lifetime—in its fading fair.

Heir of this pilgrim world—my heart  
Aches with an overcharge of love;  
Pure—spotless—mild; as *now* thou art,  
The day may come when the young dove  
That nestles in thy breast, will fly,  
And leave the demon vice with thee—  
Better a budding flower to die,  
Than meet so dark a destiny.

If there be eloquence in looks,  
Thou seem'st to say I wrong thee—no  
Foul streams may come from crystal brooks,  
And cancers on the fairest grow.  
But, be thou ever virtuous, boy,  
True to thy friend, religion, home;  
A father's pride—a mother's joy,  
A bright star in the world of gloom."

There is more than ordinary power in the following:

#### SONG OF 'THE RESURRECTION MAN.'

"WE dig and we delve by the quivering light  
Of the cold and silent moon,  
While no noise disturbs the reign of night  
But the clock that tells its noon;  
And the mattock's sound  
On the frozen ground,  
Keeps time to our voices' tune.

The ghosts of dead people are flitting by ;  
 And they chide us with their gaze ;  
 While each wind-blast utters the dying sigh  
 Of the flesh of other days.  
 But we'll still work on  
 Despite of dawn,  
 'Till the clay-cold form we raise.

The charnel-house opens its heavy doors,  
 And the bones of dead men shake ;  
 But the clatter of teeth and skeleton jaws  
 Can never our labor break.  
 On the new-made bed  
 Of the silent dead  
 We will work 'till the morn awake.

We know 'tis the tender and comely form  
 Of a maiden lov'd and young ;  
 And we know that her heart was true and warm,  
 While spells on her proud lips hung.  
 But we little mourn,  
 For those charms were gone  
 When the dirge of the maid was sung.

Now up with the beautiful sleeper, my boys,  
 Lo ! she seems to dream of bliss ;  
 And her silent lips still tell the joys  
 They gave in the living kiss,  
 But we love her cold,  
 In the death shroud's fold,  
 On a church-yard couch like this !"

We like to see nationality in our poetry. Hewitt is full of it, as will be seen from the following extract :—

#### THE AMERICAN BOY.

" ' FATHER, look up, and see that flag,  
 How gracefully it flies ;  
 Those pretty stripes—they seem to be  
 A rainbow in the skies.'  
 It is your country's flag, my son,  
 And proudly drinks the light,  
 O'er ocean's wave—in foreign climes,  
 A symbol of our might.

' Father—what fearful noise is that,  
 Like thundering of the clouds ?  
 Why do the people wave their hats,  
 And rush along in crowds ?'  
 It is the voice of cannonry,  
 The glad shouts of the free ;  
 This is a day to memory dear—  
 'Tis Freedom's Jubilee.

' I wish that I was now a man,  
 I'd fire my cannon too,  
 And cheer as loudly as the rest—  
 But, father, why don't you ?'

I'm getting old and weak—but still  
 My heart is big with joy ;  
 I've witness'd many a day like this,—  
 Shout ye aloud, my boy.

' Hurrah ! for Freedom's Jubilee !  
 God bless our native land ;  
 And may I live to hold the sword  
 Of freedom in my hand !'  
 Well done, my boy—grow up and love  
 The land that gave you birth ;  
 A home where Freedom loves to dwell,  
 Is paradise on earth."

One more, and we close :

#### SONG OF THE AMERICAN GIRL.

" OUR hearts are with our native land,  
 Our song is for her glory ;  
 Her warrior's wreath is in our hand,  
 Our lips breathe out her story.  
 Her lofty hills and valleys green  
 Are smiling bright before us,  
 And like a rainbow sign is seen,  
 Her proud flag waving o'er us.

And there are smiles upon our lips  
 For those who meet her foemen,  
 For Glory's star knows no eclipse  
 When smiled upon by woman.  
 For those who brave the mighty deep,  
 And scorn the threat of danger,  
 We've smiles to cheer—and tears to weep,  
 For every ocean ranger.

Our hearts are with our native land,  
 Our song is for her freedom :  
 Our prayers are for the gallant band  
 Who strike where honor 'll lead 'em.  
 We love the taintless air we breathe,  
 'Tis Freedom's endless dower :  
 We'll twine for him a fadeless wreath  
 Who scorns a tyrant's power.

They tell of France's beauties rare,  
 Of Italy's proud daughters :  
 Of Scotland's lassies—England's fair,  
 And nymphs of Shannon's waters.  
 We heed not all their boasted charms  
 Though lords around them hover ;  
 Our glory lies in Freedom's arms—  
 A Freeman for a lover !"



*Cromwell.* By the Author of "The Brothers." Harper & Brothers. 1838.

PERHAPS if a writer of historical romances were to search the annals of mankind for a topic of illustration, he could find none better adapted to his purpose than the life and times of Oliver Cromwell. Never was there a period in which the characters of parties and individuals stood forth in such bold relief, when society was more thoroughly convulsed. How varied, how important, and how thrilling were the incidents which attended the subversion and restoration of the English monarchy! Then, for *dramatis personæ*, what a gallery of portraits opens to the writer's view! The dignified and melancholy Charles, the wild bigotry of Prynne and Lilbourne, the ferocious but sincere Harrison, the crafty Vane, the Roman Hampden, and the half-saint, half-sinner, half-Christian, half-hypocrite Cromwell, pass in review before the intellectual painter's mind's eye; not like the visionary shapes before Macbeth, but remaining long enough for him to apply the lights and shades to the outline. Nor is this all; there are enough episodes, enough of love, war, chivalry, romance and tragedy in the subject to occupy the whole corps of novelists for a hundred years to come; and he has the farther advantage that his imagination is not severely taxed. The leading characters of the day are kept fresh in the pages of history, as flies are preserved in amber, intact, incorrupt, just as they were when living. History gives him his materials and his outline, which he has only to fill up.

Yet, with all these advantages, the author of *Cromwell* has made a decided failure. It is not to be expected that we can do more than give general reasons for our opinion in so brief a space as is allotted us; but we shall nevertheless endeavor to be as specific as possible. We shall begin by remarking of the style, that if the author had paid more attention to Blair's *Rhetoric* and other similar works, he would not so often have offended us by the use of heavy, dull, ill-constructed and inharmonious sentences. We do not say that his language is not English; but it is English in its most ungraceful and unpleasing garb. It is true that harmony should be a consideration secondary to strength and perspicuity; but it may be blended with them, and certainly adds to their attraction.

The plot is rather meagre, but is liable to no other particular objection. Henry Ardenne, the son of a hot old cavalier, by intercourse with John Milton becomes imbued with the republican doctrines of his day, and accepts a seat in parliament from the reformers, whose strong advocate he speedily avows and proves himself. Thereupon his father disavows and disinherits him; and an intended match between him and his fair cousin, who is also an enthusiastic loyalist, is broken off. He then becomes the bosom

friend of Oliver Cromwell, and the leader of his battles. In one of these he is taken prisoner, and condemned to die by his own father, and saved by the intervention of his cousin. The old cavalier is finally killed in battle, and dies blessing his son. The cousin dies of disappointment in love ; and *Col. Ardenne*, after rejecting promotion offered him by Cromwell, retires from the scene of political strife, ready to exclaim with the preacher, "Vanity of vanities ; all is vanity." The chief objections to the hero and heroine are, that he is that "faultless monster whom the world ne'er saw ;" and she is a Sir Charles Grandison in petticoats. All they do or say is very virtuous, and noble, and commendable ; but they are superior to passion and weakness. In a word, they are incarnate angels, not human beings. We would as lief, were we a lady, be wooed by an icicle as by Col. Ardenne, and we would as soon woo a snow-bank as his mistress.

The greatest fault we find with the author is, what we think his false view of several important historical points. He condemns the unhappy Charles without reserve, as a tyrant and a usurper, and extols Cromwell throughout as a hero, a saint, and a true patriot. Neither of these estimates appears to us a true one. However tyrannical the exactions of Charles may have been, and however ridiculous his ideas of prerogative may now seem, it should be remembered that he claimed and assumed no more than every English monarch of Norman descent had done before him, or than had been conceded by the commons without doubt or hesitation. He was asked to give up at once, without indemnification, all that his fathers had held before him, and that he religiously considered his own by inheritance and by divine right. He was precisely in the situation of the rich and unconscious slave-holder, required by the abolitionists immediately to emancipate his slaves. He must have been more than man not to have resisted. As to his dissimulation when he had fallen from his high estate, and was in the hands of enemies and persecutors, who, the result proved, he had reason to fear would be his murderers, if it was not magnanimous, it was at least natural, and admits of some excuse, if, indeed, it be not justifiable on the ground of self-defence. Craft is the natural defence of the weak against the strong. Charles was a mixed character, and much allowance should be made for the new and trying circumstances in which he was placed.

Cromwell, too, was a mixed character. We are not of those who consider him a bloody and remorseless villain, as utterly selfish, or as an unmitigated hypocrite. Ambitious he unquestionably was, and no one will deny that he was deeply imbued with religious zeal. It is equally certain that he was a man of the greatest talents, sense, and judgment. So qualified, it is but reasonable to believe that in his heart he despised the raving zealots among whom he cast his lot, and the ignorant and unmeaning cant which was the medium of his communication with them. He had read the bible, and well knew that prayers proffered on the house tops and

at the corners of the streets were of little avail; yet did he pray and exhort before a mob. It is a little remarkable that his piety was always shown so as to advance his interest, and that his godliness always ended in great gain. We are constrained to believe that he was, to a considerable extent, a hypocrite; especially when we consider that, while he mystified his tools with unmeaning declamation, no man could express himself more clearly when circumstances, or his own interest, required it. He was never heard to cant on a field of battle, or to exhort when business of the state was to be transacted. If he was a saint, never had saint so much the appearance of a sinner; if he was a patriot, never did man turn his patriotism so much to his own advantage. His sincerity appears to have been on a par with that of Charles. A far greater man than Charles he surely was, but not a better; for the king was never suspected of hypocrisy, and was stained with no such cruelty as that of Drogheda. Yet our author constantly endeavors to degrade the better and to elevate the worst of these two men. His Cromwell seems to us to be the dull creation of a dull imagination, and not the Cromwell of Nature or of history. More insight of the Protector's character may be had from two pages of Walter Scott's "Woodstock" than from the entire of these two volumes.

We might reasonably have expected to have seen the most striking events of Oliver's life in some new or more distinct light. Not so; even the king's execution is passed over in as few words as occur in a short newspaper obituary. We might have looked for a presentation of the fierce butcher Harrison, of Col. Pride, of the ecclesiastical cut-throat Hugh Peters, and a hundred more; but there is very little of this. The plan includes no striking characters but Sir Henry Ardenne, his son, his niece, Cromwell, and Ireton. Of these few, three are wholly imaginary, and there is next to nothing of Ireton. We have seldom seen a book that has raised our expectations higher to disappoint them more. The merit of the author consists in a good memory and an intimate knowledge, not of history, but of certain events which history records. His book might be taken for a synopsis of Hume's or Lingard's histories of the Protectorate, were it not for the by-no-means-ornamental tissue of fiction he has woven into the web of the story. Even so considered, it is in every respect far inferior to the works from which it is derived.

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### *Les Soirées du St. Petersburg.*

THIS is the title of an interesting and remarkable book by an illustrious Catholic, Count Joseph de Maistre, a Sardinian Frenchman. He is said to be one of the greatest geniuses of the age, and this book is a proof of it. The subject announced on the title-

page, is the Temporal Providence of God ; but there is not an interesting topic in the whole vast circle of spiritual interests that is not touched upon. The French is not in the least *frenchified*. The style is a combination of exquisite grace, dignity, and forcibleness—luminously clear, and sometimes poetically beautiful.

The “*Soirées*” are conversations between the Count, a Russian senator, and a French Chevalier. Each character is as distinct as possible. The Count is full of sentiment and earnestness; the Senator is all logic and pure reason; the Chevalier is the *beau idéal* of a captivating and elegant Frenchman—a Bayard “*sans peur et sans reproche*,”—gay, courteous, and witty. He is a kind of offset to the miserable wise-acres who converse on matters of high and mighty import. Among the most striking passages is one about Number, which is said to be the only other infinite thing besides Mind, and the only means by which Intelligence proves itself to Intelligence. It is said to form the evident and inseparable barrier between man and brute—to involve arts, sciences, speech, and consequently intelligence—that with it the cry becomes a song, the leap a dance, and lines figures. A proof of this truth is, that in language the same words express *number* and *thought*. In French, *raison* means reason and ratio ; and we say miscalculations in affairs as well as in arithmetic ; and calculation has also a double significance ; for we say, “I am deceived in all my calculations” when there is no question of the *calculus*. And we say, “He counts his crowns, and he counts to go and see you ;” which expressions habit alone prevents us from thinking extraordinary. The words relative to weight, measure, and equilibrium, bring Number constantly into discourse as a synonym of thought or of its processes ; and *pensée* itself comes from a Latin word having relation to Number. Intelligence as well as beauty loves to contemplate itself, and the mirror of intelligence is Number ; therefore we are pleased with Symmetry, for every intelligent being loves to see order, the sign of intelligence, every where about him. We give an extract from the conversation of the Count :—

“As these words I pronounce to you at this moment prove to you the existence of him who pronounces them, arranged according to the laws of Syntax, so all created things prove by their syntax the existence of a Supreme Speaker, who speaks to us by these signs. Indeed, all these beings are letters, whose re-union forms a discourse which proves God—that is, the intelligence which pronounces it ; for there can be no discourse without a *Speaking Soul*, unless it be maintained that the curve which I roughly trace upon paper with thread and compass proves clearly an intelligence which traced it ; but that this same curve traced by a planet proves nothing ; or that the telescope proves clearly the existence of Dollond or Ramsden, but that the eye of which this wonderful instrument is only a gross imitation, proves not at all the existence of a Supreme Artist. A navigator, thrown by shipwreck upon an island which he thought deserted, perceived a geometrical figure traced upon the sand of the sea-shore. He recognized man, and gave thanks to the gods. Would a figure of the same kind have less power if written in the heavens ? Is not Number always the same, however presented ? It is written upon all parts of the universe, and especially upon the human body. Two is striking in that wonderful equipoise of the sexes, which no science can



derange. It is shown in our eyes, ears, &c. THIRTY-TWO is written in one month, and TWENTY divided by FOUR, carries its invariable quotient to the extremity of our four members. Number is manifested in the vegetable kingdom with invariable constancy in infinite varieties."

The Count's ideas concerning language are very striking. He believes speech to be "Angel"—that it could not have been invented, but inspired. He says, "Its going forth was from the beginning—from the days of Eternity: its generation, who shall tell?" He laughs at a natural philosopher, who says, man spoke at first "*parcequ' on lui parloit.*" He says Rousseau thought language a very fine thing, but confessed he could not clearly comprehend how it was invented—every thing being considered; but that the great Condillac (!) is astonished that Monsieur Rousseau should have been in doubt upon the subject—as it is very evident that languages were formed imperceptibly, and that each man helped. "Behold the mystery!" he exclaims; "one generation said BA and the other BE!" The Assyrians invented the nominative, and the Medes the genitive!

"Quis inepti,

Tam patiens capitis, tam ferrens ut teneat se!"

He instances remarkable consonances in the meaning of words of different languages, having no similarity in outward form—which proves a common origin; and he adds, that the more early, primitive, and ancient the language, the more perfect is it in every respect, the more unerringly does the meaning answer to the sign. He thinks the mother words of all languages are the wrecks of more ancient languages, destroyed or forgotten, which were formed with wonderful logic and depth.

It is his opinion that the *state of nature* was, properly speaking, the highest possible *state of cultivation*, instead of being a *savage state*. He thinks that, before the Flood, the sciences and all knowledge was infinitely superior to ours; and that extraordinary knowledge led to extraordinary, unheard-of crimes, and therefore brought on the extraordinary punishment of the Deluge. He says that man cannot be admitted to the tree of knowledge with impunity without Christianity, otherwise he will worship second causes and forget the one Supreme; that he will become an idolator, and, among the multitudinous gods, fear none. Excess of refinement and civilization, without what Bacon calls the "Aromatic Religion" to keep all pure, he believes the cause of the unspeakable corruptions of the first ages, when man knew more than we now dream of.

We have thus given some idea of the strange book. The Count is a Jesuit, and believes in the infallibility of the Church in authority therefore, and indulgences: he thinks war divine as well as monarchy, and private judgment upon religious matters ridiculous; that priests, nobles, and statesmen alone have a right to revolve and present truths, *as the people have the natural sciences to amuse themselves with!*

*Giafar Al Barmeki.*

THIS work was published in 1836 ; one volume by Carey and Lea, the other by Harper and Brothers. We know not who is the author, but are sure that he is a scholar, and a ripe one ; well versed in the lore of the east, and a powerful, though apparently an unpractised writer. Else would he never use such expressions as this, "If he had not dexterously parried the stroke, it would inevitably have slain him." It is equivalent to, "If a man had not fallen overboard, he could not have been drowned." There are many more such blunders ; but we are not disposed to be hypercritical, for the tale is surpassingly beautiful and powerfully told. We know not whether it has ever been reviewed or not,—we have never seen it noticed ; but it suffices us that we have not read two volumes these ten years that have given us so much unalloyed pleasure. The best of the matter is, that the groundwork of the story and most of the incidents are matters of historical record, with very little attempt at ornament or embellishment. They abundantly prove that truth is indeed stranger than fiction.

The tale is the well-known story of the Barmecides—the darkest chapter in the history of the Caliph Haroun al Raschid, that cruel, gloomy, bigoted tyrant, whom history has handed down to us as "the Just." Never was title less deserved. He was a prince of great talent ; indeed, was born for war, an encourager of learning, and impartial in his administration of the laws whenever his own interests and tiger-like passions were not concerned ; but these he could not control, and, when excited, as he almost always was, he was a monster of barbarity. The author has portrayed him to the life as well as all the rest of his historical characters. The incidents are now tearfully pathetic, now bold, wild, and startling.

In one of the first scenes, Haroun receives an embassy of a thousand steel-clad knights from the Greek emperor Nicephorus in his gorgeous court. They tell him that the Christian monarch will henceforth pay him but one tribute, and a bundle of swords is thrown at his feet. Haroun, a man of extraordinary personal strength, shatters them all at one stroke of his Damascus blade, and writes a letter "of tremendous brevity," as Gibbon expresses it, to Nicephorus. "Haroun al Raschid to Nicephorus, Roman Dog. I have read thy letter, O son of a misbelieving mother ! Thou shalt not hear ; thou shalt behold my answer." Then turning to the ambassadors, "Tell the dog Nicephorus, that for every sword he has sent me, I will bring him a thousand, and bold hearts shall wield them ; faithful hearts, that will die at my least wish. Ho, slaves ! which of you has a head for his master ?"

Many slaves step forward and bow their necks, and the executioner, at a given signal from the Caliph, decapitates the first. Again he lifts his blade ; again the tyrant nods, and a second falls head-

less. A third nod, and a third receives what the early bigotry of Islam believed a sure passport to Paradise, his death in fulfilling the pleasure of God's vicegerent, the Commander of the Faithful and successor of the Prophet. The slaughter is then stayed, and Haroun speaks. "Tell your master not to think that he can meet such swords as mine with toys like these, or until he has soldiers who can die like mine." The awe-struck ambassadors retired, and Haroun immediately prepares for war, in which he is successful to the extent of his wishes.

On his return he gives the "Rose of Persia," the fair Abassa, his sweet and accomplished daughter, in marriage to his prime vizier, Giafar al Barmeki Bengalia; but it is to be a marriage of form only, for the Caliph fears that the spouse or offspring of Abassa may dispute the succession to the throne with his own sons, and all connubial intercourse is therefore prohibited on pain of death. Giafar, though yet very young, was the second man in the kingdom, its richest subject, its best scholar and poet, and, next to the Caliph, the most renowned general and warrior of Islam. All the love of what was then the most polished nation on earth, was his; he was celebrated for his personal prowess and beauty, and he had endeared himself to the people by his valor, his zeal to extend the true faith, and, above all, by his unlimited generosity; for which his whole family are celebrated to this day throughout the Mahometan east. He was the chief of the wealthy, noble, and powerful family of Barmecides, who had been mainly instrumental in securing the caliphate to Haroun in spite of all competitors, though they might themselves have sued for the sovereignty with an equal chance of success. The Rose of Persia was not unworthy to be the spouse of the admirable Crichton of Arabia. It was very natural that two such persons, united in matrimony, should become devotedly attached. The natural consequence ensued; the Caliph's injunction was disregarded, and the princess Abassa gave birth to a son. For two years of misery to both parties this event was concealed. When it came to the ears of Haroun *the Just*, his rage knew no bounds. He beheaded Giafar, and imprisoned his father for the short remnant of his days. Some of the Barmecides were put to death, the rest banished; their property was confiscated, and their houses razed to their foundations. It was made punishable with death to pronounce their very names. The princess Abassa was banished, her father disowned her, and she shortly after died of a broken heart. The manly worth of Giafar, and the beauty and soft virtues of the Rose of Persia, are still the theme of the Arab poetry, which never fails to bewail their hapless fate.

There is but one attempt at humor in the book, by which we are convinced that the author would be no less successful in that species of composition than in the pathetic and descriptive. In the absence of his master, Giafar adopts his custom of promenading the streets in disguise, that he may discover and correct abuses. One evening, accompanied by Mesrour and a slave, he happens to discover a meeting of conspirators, and hastily blackening his face and

changing dresses with the slave, he enters unnoticed. The slave has orders to call himself a merchant, and seats himself among the conspirators, who are carousing while the vizier and Mesrour stand behind him. After they have heard as much of the complot as is needful, it is discovered that they are strangers, and the pretended merchant is thus examined by the host.

*Host.* Who art thou, friend.

*Slave.* My lord, I am an honest man and a good Mussulman.

*Host.* A good answer, but something indefinite. There are such things as names and occupations. How came you here?

*Slave.* My lord, I am a merchant of Moussoul, and I lodge at a caravansera in the suburbs; but I dined to-day with a merchant in the city, and drank much wine, as my lord may perceive. Finding the gates shut, and seeing many persons entering my lord's house, I came in with the rest, and here I am.

*Host.* How much have you heard of our plot.

*Slave.* Plot! I know nothing of your plot. All I know is, that you are a glorious old man, and that this is the best wine I ever tasted. (It was the first wine he had ever tasted.)

*Host.* How! will a man of your rank say that this wine is better than any you have at home?

*Slave.* My lord, it is the very best. I certify it. I swear it by the prophet Elias. Our climate does not impart the flavor. Master has none better.

*Host.* You are an impostor, and must die. You said you were a merchant.

*Slave.* And so I am.

*Host.* And yet you have a master!

*Slave.* And so I have; a most noble, a most glorious master. Allah is my master, the master of us all.

*Host.* Are those two stout fellows your slaves?

*Slaves.* O, they are mutes, my lord. My lord need not speak to them. Marvel not, my lord, to see me thus attended. At home I am the very first of my class, and there are many slaves, white and black, in the house where I live, as there are in the house of the vizier Giafar."

They are discovered, and a tremendous scene takes place, in which the character of Giafar and the sanguinary valor of the Arabs are powerfully described. We fancy we can see the flashing of their scymetars, the ground torn up by the furious charge of the horses, and hear the shouts of the combatants and the groans of the dying. Homer did not describe a battle better.

We will not pretend to depict the tenderness, the piety, the every thing that is loveable in woman in the character of Abassa. After nearly two years of wretched anxiety, the Caliph's suspicions are aroused. A beautiful Circassian slave has been beloved and forsaken by Giafar, and is passionately attached to him. Knowing that he visits some other woman, she bribes a slave to watch his privacy, and thus becomes mistress of the secret. Giafar detects the slave in the act of espionage, slays him on the spot, and dooms Khatoun, the Circassian, whom he deems inconstant to him, to a long and dreary imprisonment. The Caliph becomes partially aware of the fact, and a dreadful trial ensues, during which the resistless arm of the monarch is three times lifted to strike his once loved Barmeki dead. Khatoun is persuaded, however, not only to deny all knowledge of what has passed between Giafar and Abassa,



but accuses herself of an intrigue with the slain slave, in order that the dishonor of his harem may account for his death and absolve Giafar from blame and suspicion. Were it not that history records the fact, and that Giafar himself left behind him a written attestation of the poor girl's innocence, it would be scarcely credible that a love could exist so devoted as to induce a confession involving death and dishonor to save a successful rival, and a man who had deserted and imprisoned her. The Asiatic, however, is not cast in the same mould as the European. Overwhelmed with grief, horror, and shame, she died within twenty-four hours, in the arms of Abassa, sprinkled with the tears of her faithless lover, and blessing him with her dying breath. This, too, though his own lips had pronounced her sentence of death.

At last the Caliph's suspicions become certainty. Giafar receives the death firman, says his namar, and bows his neck to the executioner. Suddenly springing up, he begs that he may be allowed to repair to the palace, and learn whether the Caliph may not have relented. The prayer is granted, and they arrive at the door of the monarch's apartment. "Go in," says Giafar, "and tell him that the head is at the door." The executioner does so. "What voice is that?" "'Tis Azrael's, Angel of death; and thrice he calls on Giafar." "'Tis well; bring it in," says the tyrant, and the steel does its work. But no sooner does Haroun behold the gory relic, than a revulsion of feeling takes place, and he sends for two officers. With averted face he points to the executioner, and exclaims, "There, that wretch—strike off his head; I cannot bear to look upon the murderer of Giafar." The sentence is as promptly executed as given.

This work abounds with exquisite touches of Arabian poetry, and the language of the *dramatis personæ* is every where characteristic of a race who breathed only of religion, of battle, and of song. Their fierce fanaticism, their fiery valor, their reckless disregard of life, their burning love, and their acquiescence in the most horrible despotism, cannot be better set forth. The Arabian Nights do not better describe the character and manners of the early moslem. The work will prove profitable as well as amusing to its readers.

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### *The Book of Poetry.*

THIS is a little volume of about three hundred pages, consisting exclusively of American poetry, and published in Boston by Messrs. Otis and Broaders. The selections are for the most part judicious, and we find here many of the best pieces of Percival, Bryant, Halleck, Holmes, Willis, and others. We select the following in order to make known the authorship of a little piece, which has been extensively copied, without credit, by the newspaper press, both in this country and Great Britain:—

## THE NIGHT-STORM AT SEA.

BY EPES SARGENT.

'Tis a dreary thing to be  
Tossing on the wide, wide sea,  
When the sun has set in clouds,  
And the wind sighs through the shrouds,  
With a voice and with a tone  
Like a living creature's moan!

Look, how wildly swells the surge  
Round the black horizon's verge!  
See the giant billows rise  
From the ocean to the skies!  
While the sea-bird wheels his flight  
O'er their streaming crests of white.

List! the wind is wakening fast!  
All the sky is overcast!  
Lurid vapors, hurrying, trail  
In the pathway of the gale,  
As it strikes with a shock  
That might rend the deep-set rock!

Falls the strained and shivering mast!  
Spars are scattered by the blast,  
And the sails are split asunder,  
As a cloud is rent by thunder—  
And the struggling vessel shakes  
As the wild sea o'er her breaks.

Ah! what sudden light is this,  
Blazing o'er the dark abyss?  
Lo! the full moon rears her form  
'Mid the cloud-rifts of the storm,  
And athwart the troubled air,  
Shines, like hope upon despair!

Every leaping billow gleams  
With the lustre of her beams,  
And lifts high its fiery plume  
Through the midnight's parting gloom:  
While its scattered flakes of gold  
O'er the sinking deck are rolled.

Father! low on bended knee,  
Humbled, weak, we turn to thee!  
Spare us, 'mid the fearful fight  
Of the raging winds, to-night!  
Guide us o'er the threat'ning wave:  
Save us!—thou alone canst save!

*Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville.*

"*Ecce iterum Crispinus!* If here isn't the clockmaker again, as I am alive!" Such is the motto to the second series of this amusing work by Judge Haliburton of Nova Scotia. The author's vein of humor appears to be by no means exhausted in these pages. They are full of fun and good-nature. Slick's gasconading is highly amusing and characteristic—"that's a fact." The Yankee dialect is preserved with a tolerable fidelity; indeed we know of no writer, except John Neal, who has copied the peculiarities of the "raal critter" with so much fidelity. But we regret to see that Mr. Slick's descriptions occasionally border upon the vulgar and indecent. The account of the visit to the factory girls at Lowell, and the story of the Dutchman's adventure at the hotel, are a little too broad. We are not apt to be over-fastidious, but were surprised to find such violations of decency in a book bearing the imprint of respectable publishers. Mr. Slick will, we apprehend, be kicked down stairs or thrown out of the window for his impertinence by many of his readers. We conclude our notice with an extract from the work, taken somewhat at random:—

"Them pet banks was another splendid affair; it deluged the land with corruption that,—it was too bad to think on. When the government is in the many, as with us, and rotation of office is the order of the day, there is a natural tendency to multiply offices, so that every one can get his share of 'em, and it increases expenses, breeds office-seekers, and corrupts the whole mass. It is in politics as in farmin'—one large farm is worked at much less expense and much greater profit, and is better in many ways than half a dozen small ones; and the head farmer is a more 'sponsible man, and better to do in the world, and more influence than the small fry. Things are better done too on *his* farm—the tools are better, the teams are better, and the crops are better; it's better altogether. Our first-rate men ain't in politics with us. It don't pay 'em, and they won't go thro' the mill for it. Our principle is to consider all public men rogues, and to watch 'em well that they keep straight. Well, I ain't jist altogether certified that this dont help to make 'em rogues; where *there is no confidence, there can be no honesty*; locks and keys are good things, but if you can't never trust a sarvant with a key, he don't think the better of his master for all his suspicions, and is plaguy apt to get a key of his own. Then they do get such a drill thro' the press, that no man who thinks any great shakes of himself can stand it. A feller must have a hide as thick as a bull's to bear all the lashing our public men get the whole blessed time, and if he can bear it without winkin', it's more perhaps than his family can. 'There's nothin' in office that's worth it. So our best men ain't in office—they can't submit to it.

"I knew a judge of the state court of New-York, a first chop man too, give it up, and take the office of clerk in the identical same court. He said he couldn't afford to be a judge; it was only them who couldn't make a livin' by their practice that it would suit. No, squire, it would be a long story to go through the whole thing; but we ain't the cheapest government in the world—that's a fact. When you come to visit us and go deep into the matter, and see ginerall government and state government, and local taxes and ginerall taxes, although the items are small, the sum total is a'most a swingin' large one, I tell you. You take a shop account and read it over. Well, the thing appears reasonable enough, and cheap enough; but if you have been arunnin' in and out pretty often, and goin' the whole figur', add it up to the bottom, and if it don't make you stare and look corner ways, it's a pity.

"What made me first of all think o' these things, was seein' how they got on in the colonies; why, the critters don't pay no taxes at all a'most—they actilly don't deserve the name o' taxes. They don't know how well they're off that's sartain. I mind when I used to be agrumblin' to home when I was a boy about knee high to a goose or so, father used to say, Sam, if you want to know how to valy home, you should go abroad for a while among strangers. It ain't all gold that glitters, my boy. You'd soon find out what a nice home you've got; for mind what I tell you, home is home, however homely—that's a fact. These Blue-noses ought to be gist sent away from home a little while; if they were, when they returned, I guess they'd larn how to valy their location. It's a lawful colony this,—things do go rig'lar,—a feller can rely on law here to defend his property,—he needn't do as I seed a squatter to Ohio do once. I had stopt at his house one day to bait my horse; and in the course of conversation about matters and things in ginerel, says I, 'What's your title? is it from government or purchased from settlers?'—'I'll tell you, Mr. Slick,' he says, 'what my title is,—and he went in and took his rifle down and brought it the door. 'Do you see that are hen,' said he, 'with the top knot on, afeedin' by the fence there?' 'Yes,' says I, 'I do.' 'Well,' says he, 'see that;' and he put a ball right through the head of it. 'That,' said he, 'I reckon is my title; and that's the way I'll sarve any tarnation scoundrel that goes for to meddle with it.' Says I, 'if that's your title, depend on it you won't have many fellers troublin' you with claims.' 'I rather guess not,' said he larfin; 'and the lawyers won't be over forrard to buy such claims on spekilation,'—and he wiped his rifle, reloaded her, and hung her up ag'in. There's nothin' of that kind here.

"But as touchin' the matter o' cheap government, it's as well as not for our folks to hold out that ourn is so; but the truth is atween you and me, though I wouldn't like you to let on to any one I said so, the truth is, somehow or other, *we've put our foot in it—that's a fact.*"